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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning about nine o'clock the Mayor of the Claddagh was seated on a three-legged stool in the porch of his own dwelling. Behind him stood his two sons, leaning against the respective posts of the inner door. The space in front of the house was filled with a dense crowd of the men and women of the Claddagh, while on the steep roofs and pointed gables of the adjoining houses were perched the gaping urchins of the village, looking down from their giddy height with as much coolness and self-possession as though they were born monkeys.

At first all was noise and clamor, every one clattering to his or her next neighbor about the tragical occurrence of the previous night, and the unreasonable selfish conduct of old Vara Halliday who had kept the wake to herself and Maureen. Still there was no anger in the strictures passed on Vara, for her whims and oddities were nothing new, and this was only set down as another of her queer notions. Some there were, however, who began to hint in language decidedly seditious, that if Vara thought to bury old Moll like a heathen, without e'er a wake, she'd find herself under a mistake—that would be going rather far with her vagaries. If Brian lets her make so little of his granny, other people will not!"

Suddenly there was a "Hush—sh—sh" running through the crowd, and then a whisper of "It's Shan—poor boy!" Then a dead silence—a passage was opened as if by magic, through the thickly-wedged multitude, and Shan Driscoll walked up with a firm step to where Randal sat, unaccompanied except by his mother who clung to his arm as though she would never let it go. "God look on you Nance!" was the murmured prayer that reached the mother's ear from every side as she passed, and once she raised her voice and said "Amen this day!" It was the echo of a breaking heart. It was pitiful to see the change that one sad night had wrought in Shan Driscoll. His tall form was bowed as with the weight of years; his bold, flashing eye had lost its light, and his dark cheek its rich color. The haggard lines of sorrow and remorse were distinctly visible on every feature, in mournful contrast to the gay, buoyant, reckless bearing so natural to Shan Driscoll. There was no policeman, no guard of any kind conducting the criminal. Not such was the custom of the Claddagh, where, indeed, murder or any other very serious crime was of rare occurrence. So rare was it, indeed, that in a period of twenty years, during which he had ruled the community, Randal O'Hara had never been called upon to administer judgment in a case of murder. On the present occasion the old man seemed fearfully alive to the dread and novel responsibility of his position, as might be gathered from the nervous twitching of his whole frame, and the restless eagerness with which his eye glanced around from one familiar face to the other. It was easy to see that Randal More shrank from giving judgment in such a case, and yet he had that very morning sent back to Galway town the officers of justice deputed to arrest Shan Driscoll, and sent them back, as the applauding fishwomen said, "with a flea in their ear, too," telling them that no Claddag hman should be given up to the Sassenach laws, even for murder, until the matter was first investigated by himself. "If I find him guilty of wilful murder," said Randal, "then I'll send him in myself, but till that time comes, keep out of our way, I tell you! You townspeople have nothing to do with the matter,—unless, as I said before, the boy is found guilty by us!" Strange to say, the city authorities were obliged to acquiesce in this decision, well knowing that any direct interference with the established laws of the Claddagh would have raised a tumult not easily quelled.

Shan Driscoll, at length, stood face to face with Randal More, the patriarch, the leader, now the dreaded judge, but in the sudden flush and the as sudden paleness which overspread his face there was a deeper feeling manifested than any which concerned Randal. Shan had caught a glimpse of the motionless figures of Barney and Yeman in the backgound, and he feared that Maureen was within hearing, though happily for him invisible. This thought weighed him down with an additional load of shame and confusion, but after all, it was light in comparison with the horror and remorse that froze his very blood. Pray he could not, think he could not,—heart, and mind, and soul were all, as it were, under a fearful spell,—every faculty of his being had resolved itself into horror, and the awful word "*Murder*" echoed and re-echoed through the deepest recesses of his soul, dulling the outward sense of hearing to every other sound.

"Shan Driscoll!" said at length the deep voice of Randal, "I'm sorry to see you there in such a state. God knows I am! It's a bad business, my poor boy! and it's the heavy load you have on you this day. Still and all, Shan! it's like you didn't do it on purpose—and, in course, if you didn't, there's neither the shame nor the blame of murder on your head."

"God bless you for the kind word, anyhow, Randal!" said the young man's mother, drying her eyes with her blue apron at the same time, then turning to her son, "look up, avick machree! look up to the good God and Randal More that's a merciful judge like Him—don't you hear what he says to you?"

"I do, mother, I do," her son faintly murmured, "but it's little comfort for me—*I did it*, mother, I killed poor Moll, and her blood is on my hand—all the water in the bay couldn't wash it out—to my dying-day I'll never get the load off my heart!"

However the sympathies of the people might previously have run, they were, by this time, all in favor of Shan, and many a rough fisherman was seen dashing away the tear that he could not repress.

"Where's Brian Kineely?" said Randal More. "Why is he not here?"

"Sure it's helping Vara to wake the old woman he is," cried one from the crowd; "sorrow one they'd let in but themselves and Maureen Dhu!"

Even at that moment a thrill of anguish shot through Shan's heart, as he saw in fancy Maureen Dhu bending with Brian over the corpse, and perhaps breathing execrations on the murderer's head.

"Go bring him here!" said Randal in an authoritative tone.

The messengers came back presently with blank faces. They had knocked and knocked again at the door and could get no answer.

"This is very strange," said Randal, rising from his seat and looking around with a troubled aspect; "boys," to his sons, "go and see what this means—bring Maureen here, at any rate!"

"I'm here, father," said a soft voice from the rear of the crowd, and Maureen made her way as quickly as possible to her father's side.

Shan Driscoll felt that Maureen's eyes were on him in an instant, but he dared not meet her glance. If he had it would have dispelled at least a portion of the darkness that enveloped his soul, for there was a pitying tenderness in her eye as it rested on him that somehow affected even his mother, and she breathed an inward blessing on the beautiful face that looked so kindly on her son.

"Is that boy coming, Maureen, or is he not?" demanded Randal in no very gentle tone.

"Well! I don't know for certain, father," and the girl still kept her eye on Shan as though anxious to exchange glances with him, "when I left there, himself and my granny were getting ready to come."

"Lord bless us!" cried one and another, "who'll stay with the corpse—some of you must go!"

"Nonsense!" said Randal, in allusion to what Maureen had said, "run, boys, and bring him here at once. I'll not wait another minute!"

Here a rush was made to the rear—a shout of doubtful meaning—a cheer wild and long and loud—cries of "What is it, avick?" from those who could not move backwards with the crowd. "Make way there in front!" in trembling accents from behind, and up through the opening mass of human beings came a group which rivetted every eye, and, for the moment, stilled every pulse. It was Vara Halliday and Brian Kineely, supporting between them the tottering and ghastly, yet living and breathing form of old Moll. Randal started again to his feet, his sons rushed forward with a wild "Hurrah!" and Maureen seizing hold of Shan's arm turned him full round till she brought him face to face with the resuscitated corpse. At first the strong man yielded like a child to the guiding hand of Maureen, little dreaming, little hoping what sight awaited him. No sooner, however, had his eye lit on the withered face of Moll Kineely than his whole countenance changed, and new life was infused into his sinking frame. *Her* he only saw in all that vast multitude. Even Maureen was forgotten for the moment—his mother—his judge—all—all, but that spectral-looking figure. At the first glance of her hollow eye he staggered and seemed ready to fall, but a second glance reassured him, and with a half-suppressed cry of joy he sprang forward, and catching the old woman in his arms, hugged her so unmercifully that she struggled in his arms, as though for life or death, and puffed and panted at a fearful rate. Brian at length thought fit to interpose, and extricated his grandmother as well as he could from Shan's but half conscious grasp, laughing heartily at the same time.

"There, now, Shan, let her go, or you'll finish her now in earnest!"

Shan was no way abashed by the laughter which rang in his ears. Slowly he stepped back,—back,—back, gazing still with a sort of dreamy intensity on the shrivelled emaciated being who stood there supported by her grandson's arm. No one spoke—all hearts were too full for speech, till Shan himself broke the spell.

"So you're not dead, Moll!"

"Don't you *see* she's not, you great *ghomeril*?" This polite answer was from Vara.

"And I'm not a murderer?"

"Why no, honey! the Lord be praised for it, you're no such thing, and for that same I'm bound to offer up a *pater and ave* every day I have to live!" This was from the doating mother now trembling like an aspen, and weeping like a child, and she, too, ran and hugged old Moll in a way that the latter didn't at all relish—for she lifted her clean off her feet. "The Lord bless me!" muttered Moll Kineely as soon as she found herself again free, "they'll squeeze the life out of me—what little of it's in me—this very day!"

"May the great God of heaven be praised this day and for evermore!" was Shan's fervent ejaculation, and down he fell on his knees, with his hands clasped and his eyes upturned, the tears streaming down his pale cheeks, his broad chest heaving, and his whole frame quivering with emotion. "Im not a murderer after all, and the stain is not on my soul!" Jumping up on a sudden impulse he ran to Brian and caught him by both hands.

There was no one within seeing or hearing that did not share more or less in Shan's joy and gratitude, and while Brian and he "made up the quarrel," a cheer arose from the assembled multitude that ran along the shores of Galway river and made the citizens look at each other, wondering on earth what was going on in the Claddagh. Most probably they concluded that justice was being executed on the murderer.

While yet the young men stood together clasping each other's hand, Maureen pushed before her father who was about to speak, and taking the clasped hands within her own, she looked by turns into the faces of the two who had so long been foes, and on her account.

"Shan!" she said in a low voice, "sure you'll never, never forget this day!—nor you, Brian friend of my heart!—no matter what may turn up, be friends—be brothers—for Maureen's sake!"

"Before God we will, Maureen!"—replied Shan Driscoll with characteristic warmth.

"Anything for you, machree!" was Brian's softly whispered answer, and then Maureen disappeared within the porch, and closed the door behind her.

"In the name of goodness," said Randal at length, "now that I *can* get in a word, how did all this happen? was Moll not dead after all?"

"Faugh!" cried Vara from behind, aren't you a nice lad for a Mayor?—if she was dead, sure it isn't on her feet she'd be, you great fluke of a fellow?—not but what she looked as *like* a corpse when we brought her home last night as any I ever laid a hand on—it wasn't til Maureen and me began to strip her that I conceited there was breath in her, and when I made sure of it, I sent Maureen to call in Brian, for you know we shut him out the back door till we'd get her washed—and then the poor boy wanted right or wrong to run and tell Shan, so as to take the load off his heart, but I wouldn't let him, till we'd be sure of bringing her to—and that was no easy job, I can tell you, Randal, for the life was only fluttering in her all as one as the snuff of a candle that was a'most out. The cocks were crowing for midnight when we got her to open her eyes—I declare to you I cried for joy, and it's not easy *making* me cry." To this latter remark all present assented—in their hearts of course.

"So there's the cat out of the bag!" said Vara, raising her voice with a most exulting air. "What'll you do now, boys and girls, when you'll have ne'er a wake at all?"

Many were loud in their assurances that the joy of finding old Moll alive was worth ever so many wakes, but from the house tops came a widely different opinion.

"It's just like you, Vara! always spoiling sport on us!"

"Wait till we get *you* under-board, Vara! see if we don't have a wake of it!"

"I'll tell you what," cried one astute urchin from his perch on Randal's chimney, "as she spoiled the wake let her give us a wedding!—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" was re-echoed from roof to roof, some of the youngsters in their new excitement actually forgetting their position so far as to jump on their feet to the great terror and alarm of their respective owners from whom arose a discordant chorus of threats and warnings. All unheeded for the moment the warnings of screaming mothers and menacing fathers. The spirit of mischief once aroused, the little fellows rather enjoyed the fright of their worthy parents, and soon they were all dancing in mid-air with the wild gestures and shrill cries of a troop of bacchantes in some ancient drama. Clear above all rang the names of "Shan and Maureen!" "No, no, Brian and Maureen!" the young elves being apparently in full possession of the claims of the rival suitors, each of whom seemed to have his own party amongst them. Even Randal tried his authority on the seditious juveniles, but all in vain, and their respective fathers were preparing to clamber up after them with no pacific intentions, truly, when all at once the obstreperous merriment ceased; down squatted every squaller on his perch, gathering himself into the smallest possible dimensions, while their seniors below looked round for the cause of the transformation. It was soon found, in the person of an old man clad in a suit of rusty black, the pockets far below his haunches, "with spectacles on nose," and stick in hand, a stick of knotted oak with a huge top on which rested two white, attenuated hands. It was Father Dominick, the prior of the neighboring convent, who had reached the centre of the crowd unnoticed, thanks to the dangerous position of the children which had naturally attracted every eye upwards.

"Fie, fie, children! what's this?" said the aged priest in those tremulous tones which mark the failing voice, "get down from the roofs every one of you!" In the twinkling of an eye almost, the urchins were safely landed on *terra firma*, and each mother made a rush to secure her own. A look from the priest and a motion of his uplifted finger brought them wholly in subjection to the maternal sway, and dead silence instantly prevailed.

"Why, Randal, man! what's this I hear?" said Father Dominick, "they say there was murder done amongst you last night!—*that* can't be true, at any rate!"

"Well! thank God, your reverence, it is *not* true, though I can't deny but it went very near it. Shan and Brian weren't satisfied with the scrimmage we had in town, but must go at it between themselves after we got home. The women, of course, made in to part them, and poor old More got an unlucky blow that Shan meant for Brian. She was carried home *dead*, your reverence, as dead as a herring, but Vara got her brought to some time in the night. More!—Vara!"—looking round and raising his voice, "bad wind to them for old women—begging your reverence's pardon!—what's come of them?"

"They're gone into the house, Randal," said one from the crowd, "along with Brian and the Driscolls and your boys—you'd best go in, after them, for maybe it's making a match they are——"

"Ah, then! if that's what they're at, Rory!" made answer another, "I'd like to have a peep at them, for there'll be another ruction before anything's done!"

"Well! I'm sure," said a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl who was considered a beauty in her own way and by her own admirers, "I'm sure, it's a burning shame for Maureen O'Hara to have so many after her. I wouldn't have my name cried up like hers, or such bloody wars about me, for all the money in Galway town!"

"Arrah wouldn't you then, Nell, my pigeon?" said a tall, young fellow who had made his way close to her, "I've a notion to try you some of these days,"—then lowering his voice, "there's Dan Shaughnessy hanging around somebody you know more than's pleasing to others—d'ye hear that now, Nelly *bawn?*"

Nelly's answer was lost even on her lover, for the door of Randal's cottage opened to admit its owner and the priest, and all eyes and ears were instantly on the stretch. Great hopes were at first entertained that the public curiosity was likely to be gratified, for the door was left open. Half a dozen heads were already protruded through the aperture, effectually shutting out the light, and nearly as many urchins had made their way into the cottage. This arrangement, though highly satisfactory to the fortunate occupiers of the doorway, was by no means acceptable to those in the rear, who loudly protested against such a monopoly.

The priest was by this time seated in a high-backed wicker chair usually occupied by the burly Mayor; beside him stood that exalted individual, hat in hand, and before him in a scattered group were Shan and Brian, Barney and Yeman, while Vara had her two ancient friends on as many low stools. For herself, she went on with her household work as though nothing unusual was going forward. Ever and anon, however, she might be seen to glance at the various individuals present, especially when they came to speak, her keen eye gleaming with sudden intelligence, suited to the words uttered by each. Maureen, by a strange freak, squatted herself down between the two old women in an attitude that would have been ungraceful in any but her; as it was, she looked all the more beautiful from the contrast with the wrinkled crone on either hand. Probably she knew that, and placed herself there in her pretty girlish vanity. However that might be, the rival lovers found it hard to keep their eyes off her, which they both thought it necessary to do in the presence of the priest. It was infinitely amusing to see the intensity with which both of them fixed their eyes on other objects around, sometimes on the soot-blackened wall of the open chimney, sometimes on the uneven surface of the earthen floor, never by any chance on the faces before them, for they were awful in the dignity of Priest and Mayor. This restraint was especially hard on Shan, whose bold, reckless spirit could ill brook control. It is true, the sufferings of the night, and the dread pressure from which his mind was barely free, had somewhat subdued his natural hardihood, but still the restraint sat awkwardly on him, and he stood for all the world like a high-mettled steed, kept in by a powerful hand, but ready at any moment to kick up his heels and dash off in recovered liberty, regardless of bit or bridle. Perhaps the restraint which he did evidently place upon his natural impatience proceeded chiefly from the consciousness that his hopes of winning Maureen were about to be either confirmed or destroyed. This it was, as much as the presence of the priest, that kept his eyes from wandering to the face he so loved to look upon—this it was that blanched his dark cheek and made his whole frame tremulous. As for Brian, it was hard to say what was passing in his mind, for the placid gentleness of his demeanor was just the same as usual; and his full blue eye sought the ground partly in reflection, partly in embarrassment. If he was agitated by any passion, as perchance he was, the emotion was kept so far below the surface as to be imperceptible to all eyes. Barney and Yeman smiled significantly at each other, and nodded archly at their sister, who answered the gesture by a careless toss of her head, and then turned her attention on the priest, who, with his hand on his mouth, elicited sundry little coughs from his own throat, as though clearing that useful medium for a speech of unusual importance.

Every one present, indeed, seemed impressed with the conviction that a crisis was at hand. Even the old tabby cat raised herself from her recumbent posture in the sunny little window, and sat staring around with eyes very much distended, as though wondering what on earth it all meant. This did not escape Maureen's quick glance, and she smiled meaningly to herself as she noted pussy's inquiring stare.

"Children," said Father Dominick, addressing the young people, "I want to know what all this means. How did murder find its way into the Claddagh?"

The young men looked at each other in mutual embarrassment; neither was willing to accuse the other, yet each very naturally wished to excuse himself. They also shrank from any close investigation of their secret motives.

Old More caught up the word murder. "Ah! then, don't say it, Father Dominick dear!—don't now and God love you!—sure the poor boy did't mean it at all, and it's thankful I am on his account that I'm alive to say it. For all he's so hot, your reverence, there isn't a better-natured boy in the Claddagh."

"God bless you, More!" said Shan in a tremulous voice, without looking at her, "I don't deserve it from you—indeed I don't!"

"I say you do," returned the old woman with a warmth all unusual at her age, "didn't your blow cure my poor old head—don't you see, Father Dominick? I never had shake or ache in it, your reverence, since I came to, and it's what I'm in hopes that it'll keep quiet for the rest of my days!"

This surprising statement drew all eyes on More, and it was then for the first time observed that the palsy had completely left her. Shan's blow had indeed acted with the force and effect of a galvanic shock, and old More's head was as steady on her shoulders as any other in the place. Various exclamations of surprise escaped from each one present, and the crowd outside "taking up the wondrous tale" sent it like wildfire all over the village. Vara planted herself right in front of More, and squatting down on a level with her gazed silently and steadily into her face for several minutes, then rising turned to the priest and said in a most oracular voice:

"It's a fact, Father Dominick!—well, if that doesn't beat me out, any how!—if I hadn't my eyes on her the whole blessed night over, I'd swear it wasn't her was in it! Maureen Dhu! do you see that?"

"To be sure I do, granny!"

"Well! I tell you the hand of God is in it, and it's my notion that you ought to take Shan for the same reason!"

"Shut the door there!" said the priest, and Randal went to obey the order, but a cry of entreaty rose from the deeply interested spectators.

"Ah! then, Randal, won't you let us see what's going on?"

"Sure, your reverence, it's no harm for us to see or hear what passes—we'd know it all before long!—ah! don't—don't now, Randal!"

"I can't help it—it's the priest's bidding I'm doing!" that settled the question, the heads were withdrawn from the aperture, and the door was closed. A low murmur of discontent was heard outside, but it gradually subsided in the deep hush of intense anxiety. It was a momentous crisis, involving nothing less than the fate of Maureen Dhu, the pride and boast of the Claddagh. Conflicting were the hopes and fears of the multitude; parties were pretty equally divided between the rival candidates, but still it was remarked that most of the seniors were in favor of Brian, while the juniors were principally on the side of Shan. As time passed on, every minute seemed an hour, and yet no one dreamed of leaving the spot.

Within, there was much talk going forward. Randal, taking up his mother-in-law's best words to Maureen, declared that he didn't want to force his child, it was all the same to him whether she chose Shan or Brian, or for that matter, any other decent boy in the village but he wished her to say the word at once, and then his mind would be easy. On hearing this, the rivals stood eagerly forward, Shan a step or two in advance of Brian. The Widow Driscoll who had hitherto been concealed by the standing figures of the young men, now glided behind Maureen, and stooping down laid her hand on her shoulder, and whispered in her ear: "I know you have a liking for Shan—haven't you now, Maureen? Every one says you were made for one another?—just look at him, avourneen! as he stands there—sure if *you're* not his wife, there's ne'er a wife for him in the Claddagh!"

"Maureen!" said old More, laying hold of the hand which still rested on her knee, her shrill, piping voice and ghastly look of piteous entreaty giving a singular solemnity to her words, "Maureen! don't say again Brian!—*don't, or it'll break his heart*, and *I* couldn't live after him! Shan Driscoll is a good boy, but still and all he's not Brian Kineely!" and the old woman seconded her words by an admonitory and significant squeeze of the hand she held, together with a corresponding shake of the head.

"Well! this is something singular!" remarked the priest with a benevolent smile, though he looked somewhat puzzled, too; "I came here to investigate a fatal quarrel, and it's what I find myself presiding in a court of love. Maureen! my child! come over here—I see the counsel on both sides are coming hard on you there!"

The girl stood up, and with an arch smile on her face, took her station at her father's side, a little behind the priest. "That's right!" said Father Dominick.

"Now, child! tell me this—are you willing to take either of these young men for a husband?"

This was coming to the point; the smile faded from Maureen's lips; for the first time Shan and Brian turned their eyes upon her, but it was now her turn to avoid their gaze. Her lips moved as though she were speaking to herself, but no sound escaped them.

"Take either of them!" repeated her father angrily, "why wouldn't she, Father Dominick? Blow me overboard, but she *must* make a choice. I'll have no more of her nonsense."

"Father dear! don't speak so harsh," said his son Barney, "take her gently and you'll do more with her!"

His sister thanked him by a smile for which either of the rival suitors would have braved the wildest storm that ever swept the bay. Her lustrous eyes were dim with tears, and the color came and went on her cheek like the flitting clouds of sunset. Still there was a strange expression of something like derision visible about the mouth, just as though the girl were half inclined to laugh at the whole affair. This was quickly noticed by her lynx eyed grand-dame, and that venerable matron, rushing forward, shook her fist close to her face.

"None of your tricks now, my dainty doll! you're in for it at last, and do your best—why don't you answer the priest, I say."

"I'll answer his reverence, but not any one else," said the girl sharply; "you'd best take it easy, gran! and maybe you'll fare better! Father Dominick! I don't want to marry at all—that is, not now!—amn't I time enough, please your reverence?"

A fierce ejaculation escaped her father, Brian literally gasped for breath, and Shan made an impatient gesture.

"But at another time, Maureen," urged the priest, "you see your father wishes you to decide now that we are all together—only make your choice, my child, and take your own time!"

Maureen now seemed really perplexed: she looked full at Brian, and Yeman darting behind her whispered: "Remember the storm off Black Head!" Maureen's heart throbbed. She glanced at Shan, and thought how he had risked his own life at her request to save Nanno Kenny. Her bosom heaved and her brain burned with the fierce struggle going on within. "I will!—I must!" she murmured half audibly, and her right hand was slowly—very slowly extended—to which of the two was never known, for at the moment rose a wild shout in the street without, and the door was flung open by the aid of a stout shoulder.

"Randal More!" cried many voices, "there's Galway boats abroad on the bay fishing!"

(To be continued.)

THE CZAR AND THE PEASANT.—Foreign exchanges tell some pleasant stories of the Czar. Among them is the following: "As the Czar was recently travelling through Poland, his carriage broke down, and whilst it was repairing he took shelter in a cottage inhabited by an old woman who was totally ignorant of the rank of her visitor. The woman spoke of the Czar with such praise that she was asked what she would do if the prince, whom she appeared to like so well, was ever to visit her cottage? The woman replied that such a thing was utterly impossible. This answer was not deemed satisfactory, and her questioner insisted upon a more explicit one. 'Well, then,' said the woman, 'I would take my little boy by the hand and show him to the Emperor, saying, 'look at this child; he is my only blessing, and I would give my life for him; but some night strangers will come, and, seizing on the poor child, carry him off to the chief town of the *arrondissement*, where they will crop off his hair, like that of a dog, put a long coat on his back, and tell him he is enrolled in a regiment! Oh! my God! preserve me from such a misfortune! I should die of despair!' The poor woman, at the bare idea of such an event, hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. 'Nevertheless,' said the Czar, 'the country cannot be without an army!' 'That is true,' replied the widowed mother, 'but if the soldiers remained in their own part of the country one might go and see them from time to time. But in the Russian army a soldier is sent no one knows where, and there is no chance of seeing one's child, or even of knowing if he be alive. We poor people have our feelings, and the proof is that with us the conscription is watered with floods of tears by wives and mothers.' At this moment the suite of the Czar arrived, and the woman soon found that she had been talking to the Emperor himself. His Majesty, on leaving, told her that he should not forget the welcome which she had given him; and some days after she received his portrait ornamented with brilliants, and suspended to a gold chain, with directions to wear it round her neck.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Clare and Baron Power—Suicides of Baron Power and Crosbie Morgan—Clare's political Dishonesty and religious Bigotry—O'Connell in 1801—His Escape from the Bayonet of an English Militia Soldier—Political Leadership of the Catholics—Repeal Agitation—High Spirits of O'Connell—Peel's Threat—O'Connell's Defiance—His Language in Private.

NEXT day O'Connell was very communicative of old stories and personal recollections.

"Lord Clare's enmity to Ireland was once very nearly ended by the hand of the assassin. In 1794, he was carrying a bill through the Irish Parliament, for compelling the Accountant of the Court of Exchequer to return his accounts whenever called on by the Court. These summary accounts would have been very inconvenient to Baron Power, who, as Junior Baron, filled the office of accountant. He lived extravagantly, making use of the money of the public that came into his hands, and looking to future good luck to enable him to reckon with the owners. The bill would have been his ruin; and after many ineffectual efforts to dissuade Fitzgibbon from pressing it, he at last resolved, in a fit of desperation, to assassinate him. So he drove to Ely Place, with a brace of loaded pistols in his pockets, and asked to see Fitzgibbon, who, providentially, was from home. Baron Power then resolved on suicide, and ordered his coachman to drive along the North Wall. When he had got a considerable distance out of town he quitted the carriage, desired the coachman to await his return, and walked on alone towards the Pigeon House. He tied his hands together in order to deprive himself of the power of swimming, and jumped into the sea from the pier. It was afterwards remarked as curious that he walked off to drown himself, using an umbrella, as the day was wet! One would think the sprinkling of a shower could not much incommode a fellow who was resolved on a watery death! Think of a man going to drown himself, with an umbrella to keep out the wet!

"In a few days after, Crosbie Morgan, one of the oldest of odd attorneys, also drowned himself. The ballad-mongers shouted their accounts of these events through the town, crying out, 'Great times for Ireland! a great day for Ireland! One judge drowned! One attorney drowned!' They had, also, 'Last speech and dying words of Crosbie Morgan,' which, instead of ending with the approved finish of the penitent declarations of Catholic criminals, namely, 'I die an unworthy member of the Church of Rome,' ended thus—'I die an unworthy mongrel of neither church!'

"Had Baron Power murdered Fizgibbon, Pitt would have found much more difficulty in carrying the Union. Castlereagh, although as vile, shameless, and indefatigable a tool as ever corruption had, yet could not, unaided by the commanding energy of Clare, have succeeded so well in the dirty work. Clare had great intellectual powers. He lived at a period fertile in monsters—Clare was a monster!—he was a kind of petticoat Robespierre. His father was a barrister of considerable eminence. Old Fitzgibbon and his brother were the first persons who introduced the system of reporting the proceedings of the English law courts in the public newspapers, without the authority of the presiding judge. They were students in the Temple at the time, and Lord Mansfield tried to put a stop to the practice, but the Fitzgibbons persevered and succeeded.

"Clare was atrociously bigoted against the Catholics. A Protestant friend of mine, who often met him at the whist parties of an old dowager, told me nothing could possibly exceed the contemptuous acerbity with which, on those occasions, he spoke of the Catholics. 'The scum of the earth,' and such like phrases, were the epithets he habitually applied to them."

O'Connell's recollections of that period then led to the following autobiographical incident: "In the winter of 1801," said he, "I had been supping at the Freemason's Hotel, at the corner of Golden Lane, with a jovial party. We were returning home late, after having drunk a good stoup of claret, when a fire broke out in a timber-yard, and spread rapidly. I was provoked at the awkwardness of a fellow who was beating the ground with a pickaxe, but making no progress in getting at the water-pipes. I shouldered him away, seized the pickaxe, and soon got at the plug; but, instead of stopping then, I kept working away, *con amore*, and would soon have disturbed the paving stones all over the street, if I had not been prevented. There was a large crowd. Sheriff Macready (an old auctioneer) kept order, with the aid of a party of the Buckinghamshire Militia. I was rather an unruly customer, being a little under the influence of a good batch of claret, and on my refusing to desist from picking up the street, one of the soldiers ran a bayonet at me, which was intercepted by the cover of my hunting-watch. If I had not had the watch—there was an end of the Agitator!"

"Yes," said I; "but Ireland would have had other agitators. A country so aggrieved could not have lacked patriot leaders, though they might not have agitated prudently or wisely."

"Wisely!" echoed O'Connell. "Why, when I took the helm, I found all the Catholics full of mutual jealousies—one man trying to outrival another—one meeting rivalling another—the leaders watching to sell themselves at the highest penny! ——sold himself. Woulfe sold himself. ——sold himself, and no doubt at a marvellous price!"*

We talked of Grattan's quitting the Irish House of Commons, with his party, in 1797.

"It was a false move," said O'Connell; "a bad copy of a worse precedent. Fox and 70 other members had quitted the British House before."

"Their Irish imitators," said I, "quitted the only place where they could have then been of the least use; for they had then no popular organization out of doors to fall back upon."

"None," rejoined O'Connell, "except an organization of treason. Grattan could use liberty of speech *in* the House, which he could not then use out of doors."

"Apropos of quitting Parliament," said I, "you blame that step—yet, have not you yourself quitted Parliament this session, just because you are as hopeless of good from it as Grattan and Fox were on previous occasions?"

"Ay—but I have not quitted the Imperial Parliament *as a secession*, but merely because I preferred out-door political labor. I have not said or done anything to bar my returning thither at any moment that such a step should appear to be of the least use."

The Repeal agitation now became a task of incessant exertion, as every corner of the country was thoroughly aroused, and invitations to the different counties poured in upon O'Connell. He announced at the Corn Exchange, that if too many meetings should spring up, he was desirous that John O'Connell, and the present writer, should relieve him of some of the labor.

John and I accordingly made occasional visits to different districts. John took portions of Meath and of Dublin; and I agitated the national question in the Queen's County, the county Monaghan, and the county Down.

O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Steele and a numerous staff, continued to traverse the kingdom, and almost without intermission; visiting Kells, Drogheda, Limerick, Ennis, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Cork, Skibbereen, Athlone, and Galway, besides many less important places. His tour was a perpetual triumph—the whole population turning out *en masse* to greet him, and their earnest sincerity demonstrated by the vast augmentation of our weekly receipts.

One day arriving from a multitudinous gathering, his countenance beaming with health and enjoyment, he exclaimed:

"Well—we had a fine rollicking week of it! Eh, Tom Steele—had we not? I never felt in more vigorous mental or bodily strength—what have I been doing? Repealing the Union for you! Well, Fitzsimon—this shows what it is to persevere—I cast my bread upon the waters, and now after many days I have found it. Last year—and indeed from the commencement—I threw out state paper after state paper, demonstrating the evils of the Union, and for a time they seemed to fall dull and unheeded on the public ear. But now all men are alive, all are active, all are eager for success. I have at last convinced the nation that I am in earnest. You see what it is to persevere."

About the beginning of May, 1843, the Government determined on taking steps to arrest the further progress of the Agitators. In reply to a question from Lord Jocelyn in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel ostentatiously stated that there was "no influence, no power, no authority, which the prerogative of the Crown and the existing laws gave the Government, that should not be exercised for the purpose of maintaining the Union; the dissolution of which," continued Sir Robert, repeating a stale, and now exploded, absurdity, "would involve not merely the Repeal of an Act of Parliament, bu the *dismemberment* of this great empire." The Premier further threatened, that should the ordinary power of the law prove insufficient to check the agitation, "additional and effectual powers" would be instantly sought from the Parliament, in order to keep Ireland out of her rights for all time to come!

The domestic Orange press was elate at the hostility with which the Government menaced the Repealers. The Dublin *Evening Mail*, after an elaborate effort to show that the whole empire, excepting a minority of the Irish people, were resolved on sustaining the Union, triumphantly proceeded thus:

"Now what is opposed to this unanimous sense of the Sovereign, the Government, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the people of England, Wales, and Scotland to a man, and one-half, at least—we might say two-thirds—of the people of Ireland? The plain answer is—Mr. O'Connell, as a balance to the Queen; Mr. Ray and Mr. Steele, Mr. Daunt and Mr. John O'Connell, as equivalent to the Government; the Popish hierarchy and the Repeal Association to counterpoise the Lords and Commons; and the teetotalers and Repealers of Ireland to weigh against the remaining population of the United Kingdom. We are far from undervaluing either the influence or the number of those parties; but we know that, physically, they do not constitute *one-tenth* (!) of her Majesty British and Irish subjects."†

Other journals in the anti-Irish interest were equally eager to halloo on the Government against the Repealers. They were alike astonished and provoked at the tone of lofty and fearless defiance taken by the Repealers, immediately upon the promulgation of Sir Robert's threat.

O'Connell, standing upon the constitutional right of petition, dared the Government to the use of coercive means to suppress the agitation. He professed his delight at the evidence of our strength afforded by Peel's hostile movement. He declared that, whereas the basis of the British throne was the right of the subject to petition, all persons who interfered with that right were, in point of principle, traitors to the crown.

"We are told," said he, at the Repeal Association, "that some desperate measures are to be taken for the suppression of public opinion upon the question of Repeal; and that they have it in contemplation to bring in a coercive bill. They may annihilate the constitution; but to this I pledge myself, they shall have some trouble in doing so. I will go to the House of Commons for the purpose of opposing their bill; I will divide on every motion during the progress of the bill; I will resist the bill to the utmost of my power, as long as it is not law. When it becomes a statute, I will obey it—I will obey every law, unless I can manage to drive a coach and six through it; but I will discover some plan whereby the Irish people shall have the means of expressing their sentiments upon this vital question. Unless they gag me, I will find the means of speaking to Ireland. I set them at defiance, unless they set their heels upon the Constitution, and degrade themselves in the eyes of Europe and the civilized world, by the excess of downright tyranny to crush me. I fear them not—let them begin. See what is occurring; see what multitudes have joined our ranks, when the first faint whisper went abroad that coercion was contemplated; and oh! if such numbers flock around our standard when coercion is but a rumor, what would our position be, if coercion were attempted—if coercion were commenced? What a response to the Repeal cry would not there then be, from one end of the country to the other? I will tell Sir Robert Peel where he may find a suggestion for his bill. In the American Congress for the District of Columbia, they have passed a law that the House shall not receive any petitions from slaves, nor any petitions on behalf of slaves, even though the petitioners be freemen. I will send for a copy of that act of the Columbian legislature, and I will send it to Peel, that he may take it as his model, when he is framing his bill of coercion for the Irish people. He shall go the full length of the Columbian bill, if he stirs at all. That law or nothing shall we have. Let him take his choice, and extinguish, in the blood of the Irish people, the last remnant of their liberties. Friends may desert me, foes may threaten, but I will never forsake the path that I have proposed for myself. I will violate no law, I will outrage no ordinance of man nor of Heaven; but as long as there remains to me one inch of the Constitution, on which I can place my footstep, I will find some Archimedean point, whereon to plant the lever with which I will still uphold the familiar liberties of my country."

Such was the exulting and defiant language of O'Connell at the Association. In private he was equally confident. "The attack upon us by Peel's Government," he used to say, "is the very thing needed to stimulate our friends and to increase our numbers." This opinion was very prevalent among the more intelligent members of our body. It was generally felt that the external pressure of Government hostility had a powerful tendency to consolidate our force. Experience has shown that those who held this opinion were quite right. In a great national struggle for popular rights a directly hostile Government is far less dangerous than a half friendly one. Peel met us boldly in front; we encountered, and finally overthrew him.* Russell, with words of courtesy and partial concession on his lips, undermined our strength and accomplished what Peel was unable to effect—the disruption (only a temporary one, I trust) of the Repeal Confederacy.

*When I was on a Repeal tour in Leinster, in October, 1842, Father Barry, of Clara, told me, that on expressing his surprise at the appointment to office of some persons, whose transcendant insignificance seemed to render them peculiarly bad bargains to the government, O'Connell answered: "My dear friend you have no idea what carrion finds a ready sale in the market of corruption."

† Dublin *Evening Mail*, 12th May, 1843.

* "Sir, I believe that the Irish Confederacy cannot be put down by force."—*Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons* 18th *April*, 1845.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

[*From the Loughrea Illustrated Journal.*]

From Coleraine to Glengariff the soil of Ireland is strewn with the remains of former greatness: here the tottering walls of some storied castle; there the ivy-covered and grass-enviroued site of some ancient abbey, or other place of primitive worship; everywhere the signs of decay amid evidences of returning prosperity. "Belonging to the Christian era in Ireland," says Mr. J. Windele, "there is a great variety of small churches, whose dates extend from the fifth to the twelfth centuries; stone crosses, inscriptions in the Romano-Irish characters, reliquaries, shrines, bells, croziers, &c., and a whole mass of manuscript literature. The earlier churches are generally plain and unornamented, but of a special interest to the antiquary, from the Pelasgic or polygonal character of their masonry and details, manifesting an immediate derivation, or rather continuity, of a preceding style of primeval antiquity in the island; several of these were roofed with stone.

"The churches of the eighth and subsequent centuries exhibit more of decoration and greater extent. Their details present more elaboration, &c., of the sculptor's art. In all these, too, there are peculiar features distinguishing their style from the coeval architecture of the neighboring country. In them, a chancel is generally superadded to the nave, and both compartments are connected by a semicircular, decorated, sculptured arch. The ruins at Inis Caitre, Clonmacnoise, Monaincha, and Cashel, present interesting specimens of the architecture of this period.

"The earlier missionaries made it a practice to appropriate the sacred sites and monuments of the converted pagans, and dedicate them to Christian uses. Near the round towers they built their churches; wells and fountains, sacred to the inferior deities, they consecrated to the worship of angels and saints; and on the heathen pillar-stone they inscribed the symbol of their faith—the Cross. Numerous instances of this practice still remain. In many of these crosses considerable inventive taste is displayed; they are found incised on the tall rude obelisk, and on the horizontal slab. In these the cross is usually placed within a circle. Out of this practice grew the beautiful and elaborate class of crosses covered with sculptured devices, emblems, and the most intricate scroll and fret-work. They are generally perforated at the intersection of the arms, and their sites are almost invariably the most ancient cemeteries, although a more recent species, the 'Wayside Cross,' is often found near our high roads, as its name implies. On some of the earlier crosses inscriptions in the Romanesque Irish character occur. The style and general execution of these monuments afford a high evidence of the skill and artistic attainments of their period."

On the estates of many of the Irish nobility and gentry are still to be found the ruins of the ancient religious edifices. Muckross Abbey, one of the sights of Killarney, for instance, is now surrounded by the lawns and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Herbert, one of the best known landlords in the west of Ireland.

The great Council Abbey, near Naas, on the Dublin and Cork railway, is a magnificent ruin of a monastic institution founded in 1202. Near at hand, on the green banks of the Suir, is the noble ruin of Holy Cross Abbey.

There are few more melancholy spectacles in Ireland than Darrynane Abbey, the seat of the famous O'Connell family, at Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. The situation of this house is extremely fine. "Seen from above," says Miss Martineau, "in its green cove, embosomed in woods, guarded by mountains, whose grayrocks are gaudy with gorse and heather, and facing a sea sprinkled with violets, it looks like a paradisiacal retreat. The first glimpse of it from the Cahirciveen road—by which Daniel O'Connell passed from one mass of his large property to another—shows his yacht riding in a sound in front of the grounds, the sea view suggests the remembrance of the old day, when the O'Connells of both families—Dan's uncles and father—were understood to do as others did who lived in situations so favorable for those commercial enterprizes which are conducted by night. Melancholy to all eyes, it is most so to the minds of those who go a quarter of a century back, and hear again the shouts which hailed the advent of the Liberator, and see again the reverent enthusiasm which watched him from afar, when he rested from his toils at Darrynane." Melancholy, indeed, is the sight of the old house, dampstained and weed-environed, out-of joint, unrepaired, unrenewed, and with O'Connell's empty yacht in the forlorn, sand-filled sound, and his chair in the chapel covered with black cloth; "all else that he enjoyed there, in his vast wealth of money, fame, and popular love seems to be doomed to destruction."

Kell's Abbey, in Kilkenny, and Dunbrody Abbey, in the same county, are now but ruins—crumbling walls and moss-grown stones. The latter structure is considered one of the most picturesque and interesting ruins in the county. The architectural beauty of this abbey is still discoverable, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to again people the wastes around with the Cistercian monks, who, in the old time, distributed the charities of religion among the peasantry. Dunbrody Abbey was built by Henry de Montmorency, Marshal to Henry II., in 1182, and was dismantled in the troublous times of the Reformation.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Jerpoint station of the Waterford and Kilkenny railroad, stand also the ruins of another famous ecclesiastical structure, called Jerpoint Abbey. It was founded by Donagh, King of Ossory, but it has so long been in a state of dilapidation, that we fear the determination of the Kilkenny Archæological Society to restore it will be of no avail, unless the work be at once proceeded with. Stones from its tottering walls are continually being taken to repair the peasant's huts; and even the tombs of the Butlers and other famous personages of the old time, are hardly secure from the sacrilegious hands of the ignorant inhabitants of the neighborhood.

Other ruins of religious edifices might be mentioned—Kilconnel Abbey, once a monastery of Franciscan friars, built in 1460, but now a mere shell; Athenry Abbey, near Galway, a fine ruin of a building which once belonged to the order of Dominicans; Newton Abbey, near Trim; the ruins of Bective Abbey, in the same neighborhood; Roscommon Abbey; Boyle Abbey, in county Roscommon; and St. Mary's Abbey, built in 1415, by Sir John Talbot, the "Scourge of France." The chiefs who once made merry in the old castles of Ireland, and the ecclesiastics who raised those beautiful religious edifices of which we only see the ruins now, are many of them unknown to fame.

A number of men acquainted with the cultivation of the vine, have just been engaged in different departments of France to go to Australia, where the cultivation of the vines of Burgundy and Bordeaux has perfectly succeeded.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

It is satisfactory to learn, in connection with local mining enterprise, that the export of rock salt, the produce of the Duncrue pits, continue to increase in a very promising manner. It is now becoming widely known that the "ore" from these mines is richer in pure salt by a considerable proportion per cent. than what is furished by the Cheshire mines. We believe that the Belfast Mining Compary is the only one in Ireland at present which is devoting its capital to digging for salt, and refining the crude article at their extensive works in town. The purified commodity is now largely sold in Belfast, and elsewhere, for table and pickling purposes, and turns out satisfactorily. The first foreign cargo of salt from the Duncrue mines was shipped from Belfast in November, 1855. —*Banner of Ulster.*

A destructive fire was recently discovered to have broken out in a large store, the property of Alderman Hamilton, occupying one side of a yard in the rear of Anne street, Belfast. Mr. Burnell, of Victoria street, seed merchant, had the two upper stories filled with seed, and Mr. Gregg, of Anne street, occupied the two lower stories as an iron store. The fire brigade was called out, and continued to play upon the flames for three hours, and ultimately succeeded in extinguishing them, but not until great damage had been sustained. Mr. Burnell is insured, but not, perhaps, to the full extent of the loss. The building is fully covered by insurance. Cause of the fire unknown.

The public is informed "that a reunion of that pernicious body, the Orange institution, connected with the Belfast district, will be held in the Victoria Hall, which will be on a scale of unusual magnitude and magnificence. It is anticipated that there will be a large attendance of members of the Grand Lodge present on the occasion, and that the Earl of Enniskillen, Grand Master, will occupy the chair."

The commissioners have lately raised Mr. J. Craig, former scholar and prizeman of Queen's College, Belfast, from the rank of sub-inspector to that of district inspector, and have appointed Mr. William Boyle, upon the merit of his antecedents in the same college, to the office now vacant by the promotion of Mr. Craig.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

The committee of the Belfast Working Classes' Association have made arrangements with Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P. for Dungarvan, to deliver a lecture, under their auspices, on the 28th ult.; the subject to be "Self-Culture."

The shipping returns of the port of Belfast for the year 1857 show an increase in the coasting trade of eighteen vessels, and a decrease of twelve in the foreign trade as compared with the previous year.

A spinner in a town adjacent to Belfast has been obliged to call a meeting of his creditors. We believe the suspension has been occasioned by the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland.—*Belfast Banner.*

Armagh.

The protection station for Mr. Malcolm, comprising ten men of the constabulary force, under Sergeant Gallagher, of Lurgan, was broken up. The men returned to their several stations, Portadown, Madden, Crossmaglen, &c., there being no further need for them.

Carlow.

In the neighborhood of Leighlin Bridge, a very curious sample of the finny tribe was caught by an old fisherman, named Cox, in the River Barrow: it had three heads and weighed about five pounds, the head being shaped like the pike, but were considerably longer, the remaining portion of the body also resembling that fish, and when killed it was found to contain a large number of trout and other smaller fish.

Cork.

At a meeting held at the Imperial Hotel, in Cork, on Tuesday, the 12th of January, convened to take into consideration the best means of promoting a settlement of the land question. William O'Mahony, Esq., of Templevally, having been moved to the chair, and John George MacCarthy, Esq., having been appointed hon. secretary, the following resolution was adopted. Proposed by the Very Rev. John Fitzpatrick, P.P., V.G., of Midleton, and seconded by Rev. T. Murray, R.C. Administrator of Skibbereen: "That a public meeting of the friends of tenant right, adopting the policy of independent opposition, be held at Mallow on Tuesday, the 26th of January, 1858, to afford the county an opportunity of expressing the anxiety felt on the subject of the relation subsisting between landlord and tenant, and of adopting a petition to parliament, praying the legislature to take into consideration this important question." A committee composed of influential clergymen and laymen was also appointed to make arrangements for said meeting.—*Examiner.*

The Committee of the Cork Reformatory have requested their President, Mr. R. J. O'Shaughnessy, to visit the reformatory at Mettray, in Tours, established by Monsieur de Metz, the founder of the institution, and to examine into its working. Mr. O'Shaughnessy is also to visit some of the principal establishments in England, and thus make himself thoroughly acquainted with the system under various aspects.

A fire broke out recently in the premises of Mr. James Reidy, engineer and gas-fitter, Cook street, Cork. The entire upper part of Mr. Reidy's premises was consumed, but the ground floor and shop remained untouched, though a considerable quantity of the property which the latter contained was very much injured in its removal to a place of greater safety.

There has never been so large an amount of business done in the insurance offices of this city as at present, owing to the two fires which occurred recently. So great is the run on the offices that they can scarcely make out fire policies fast enough.—*Constitution.*

It is reported in this city that a corn merchant at Neath has failed. The liabilities are £30,000. It is said that a house in Dungarvan is a creditor in some extent to the estate.—*Ibid.*

Slaughtering of horned cattle continues for the government contract—about 300 were killed during the week, principally for Messrs. Clear and P. Murphy and Son.—*Reporter.*

Donegal.

The tyrannical proceedings of landlords and their agents at Gweedore and the Rosses, and the wholesale evictions upon the estates of my Lord Leitrim, are at length beginning to arouse the indignation of the people of Donegal. A public meeting is announced to be held in the town of Milford, for the purpose of remonstrating against the exterminating policy of his lordship, and taking such steps as may be deemed advisable, under the circumstances, for protecting the rights of the unfortunate tenantry in this unhappy district. The state of Gweedore, the intended wholesale confiscation of tenant property at Milford, the position of the tenant bill, unite in calling upon the friends of the people of Donegal to be up and stirring. Out of evil it often happens that good will come. The conduct of the Donegal landlords has, no doubt, gone far towards shaking off the apathy that seemed to be of late creeping over the people of Ireland with respect to the settlement of the land question. The landlords are the parties that have evoked the coming agitation; we trust that they will keep it going until a satisfactory Tenant Right Bill has been passed into law.—*Derry Journal.*

On the 27th Dec., at Rossnakill, county Donegal, Hugh Blayney, for many years bailiff over extensive estates in Fanet, died from the effects of blows on the head inflicted with stones thrown at him by some person or persons about a week previously. He swore informations a few days after the occurrence against a relative of his own, one William Blayney, who, being apprehended, was admitted on bail, to stand his trial at the ensuing March assizes. This cannot be called an agrarian outrage, as it is said private family matters originated the sad act.—*Ibid.*

Down.

At the Newry petty sessions, John O'Brien was brought before J. S. M'Cance, Esq., R. M., and Major Waring, charged with cursing the Queen and uttering disrespectful language of her Majesty. The charge having been proved, he was ordered to find bail to keep the peace for three months, or to be imprisoned for one month. In default of finding bail, he was committed to Down jail for a month.

Several specimens of flowers in bloom—rhododenrous, &c., have been forwarded to this office by Mr. Cooper, gardener, at Portaferry House, the residence of Captain Nugent. They grew in the open air, in a southern aspect, and furnish undoubted proof of the mildness of the season.—*Recorder.*

Dublin.

The eminent firm of West & Son, goldsmiths, 18 and 19 College green, have completed a splendid copy in silver of the celebrated Warwick vase, which now embellishes the grounds of Warwick Castle, one of the finest monuments of the feudal grandeur of England. This handsome piece of plate is designed for presentation to Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., of the North East Bar, by the gentry of the county Longford. The vase, of great value as a work of art, contains between two hundred and three hundred ounces of silver. It is copied from one of the most exquisite pieces of ancient workmanship, said to be the production of the chisel of Lysippus, a statuary of the age of Alexander the Great. The Warwick vase was dug up from the ruins of the Emperor Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and was sent to England by the late Sir William Hamilton, in 1774, and is, probably, one of the most entire and beautiful specimens of ancient sculpture which this country possesses. Its form is nearly spherical, with a deep reverted rim; two interlacing vines, whose stem run into and constitute the handles, wreath their tendrils with fruit and foliage round the upper part. The centre is composed of antique heads, which stand forth in grand relief. A panther's skin, with the thyrsus of Bacchus—a favorite antique ornament—and other embellishments, complete the composition. The pedestal of the vase is square, and handsomely chased and ornamented. It bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Lieutenant, Deputy-Lieutenants, Magistrates, Clergy, and Freeholders of the county of Longford, to their late Chairman, Thomas O'Hagan, Esq., Q.C., on his acceptance of the Chairmanship of Dublin, in testimony of their respect for his high character, admiration of his genius and eloquence, and gratitude for his public services as a wise, humane, and impartial judge, July, 1857."

The rapid and frequent communication between Milford Haven and Ireland is developing the Irish traffic to an enormous extent. During the months of September, October, and November last, upwards of 18,000 head of cattle were landed at Neyland, and forwarded by the South Wales Railway. One day last week upwards of twenty tons of poultry arrived there in one day, and the cargoes comprise large consignments of bacon, butter, and agricultural produce. Space is so much required that every expedient is resorted to, yet there is great difficulty in meeting the greatly-increased traffic.

The case of the Mayo priests is again before the public this week, in consequence of the Attorney-General's motion to change the venue of the jury which will have to try it. It requires no comment, except a single word of satisfaction to admire the really vigorous style in which Father Conway's advocate, Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., has thrown himself into the affair.—*Tablet.*

The Lord Lieutenant has distributed blankets and warm clothing at the Viceregal Lodge, recently, to 300 poor persons, recommended by the clergy of the different persuasions, in the parishes of Castleknock and Chapelizod.—*Evening Mail.*

Galway.

It is rumored now that the Constabulary, that very useful and excellent body of men—a force of which Ireland should be, and indeed, we are certain, is highly proud—are to have their pay considerably increased. Here, indeed, merit will find its reward, while at the same time, no additional burden will be imposed upon the country, as the fund which went towards the support of the Revenue Police (now abolished) will be appropriated for the purpose of augmenting the pay of the Constabulary.—*Mercury.*

A poor woman, the wife of a man named Dolan, residing in Middle street (a bricklayer by trade), was safely delivered of three male children, who with their mother are doing well.—*Vindicator.*

Kerry.

While Colonel Kitchener, the new proprietor of Crotto, was engaged in watching the fall of a tree in his recently acquired demesne, the tree fell on him, breaking his collar bone and seriously injuring the upper part of his chest. He lies still in a most dangerous state, having never recovered consciousness. Fears are entertained for his life.—*Post.*

Kildare.

The body of private James Owens, of the 76th regiment—a company of which corps is detached to the Curragh camp from Dublin for rifle practice—was found in a pit which had been dug for the purpose of making a cesspool. The unfortunate man had been making his way to his quarters the previous night from the Newbridge direction, and must have fallen, whilst inebriated, into the pit, which is about eight feet deep, with two feet of water at parts of the bottom. An inquest was held—verdict, "accidental drowning."

Kilkenny.

We are given to understand that the legal gentlemen of the Leinster bar are likely to be engaged in a case of "breach of promise," connected with our own county at the next assizes. It would seem that a mercantile clerk belonging to a metropolitan establishment paid his addresses to and won the affection of a shopkeeper's daughter in one of the country towns of this county, and the principal parties, as well as the parents and friends of both, having mutually arranged all matters, and decided on the day when the happy couple should plight their vows at the Hymenial altar, the young gentleman set off for Dublin, full of joyful anticipations. But shortly after his arrival there he received a letter from the fair one's father, making the disagreeable announcement that a change had come over the spirit of his dream, that the union could not be effected, and requesting all past events to be forgotten. On this the Lothario at once proceeded to the country to seek an explanation, and not receiving what he considered a satisfactory one, he again returned to the metropolis, and at once commenced proceedings for a breach of promise.—*Moderator.*

For the last few months persons who left this city as emigrants have returned to their old employments in Kilkenny, and caution their neighbors against venturing to America at present. The story of desolation and death which these poor emigrants relate is fearful, and we hope it may serve as a caution to others to turn their thoughts from emigrating and cling to the rock in the old country.—*Journal.*

Limerick.

Ireland has not lost her monomania for election excitements yet, as may be judged from the following: On Saturday evening, the canvass of both candidates, Major Gavin and John Ball, Esq., was distinguished for its unprecedented earnestness and energy. This morning the parish of St. John's was actively traversed. In this parish the local clergymen were with Mr. Ball; in the parish in which we reside, St. Michael's, the clergymen are with Major Gavin. Opinions are divided—are almost balanced—at present between both gentlemen as to their merits and success. There is no third candidate as yet, but, as usual on similar occasions, innumerable conjectures and reports are afloat as to the possibility of an "Independent" or a "Conservative" taking parties on either side by surprise. No official confirmation of the legal appointments has yet arrived; but it is hourly expected, and, meantime, the ardor of the canvass appears rather to intensify than to abate.—*Munster News.*

The first mercantile failure in Limerick has been just announced—the suspension of an old and respectable firm, that of Mr. James Bannatyne & Son, with liabilities set down at £50,000. Some merchants here are stated to be losers by this suspension, and others in Kilrush; but the particulars are not precisely known. The Bank of Ireland is set down at £18,000. Other failures are sure to follow.—*Saunders.*

Francis Macnamara Calcutt, Esq., M.P., has contributed £10 to the Sarsfield Testimonial about being erected in Limerick.

Louth.

The *Dundalk Democrat* has the following on the want of a Catholic daily paper in Dublin, a well known and admitted want in the Catholic press of Ireland: "We ask the Catholic Prelates, Priests, and people of Ireland will they submit to have the capitol of the country without a thoroughly liberal and honest organ? They have no such organ in Dublin at present. At present when we have no great man like O'Connell—when we have no great acting body to guard the rights and expose the wrongs of the country, an honest daily journal is required imperatively in Dublin. One could be provided before the 1st of March. Five thousand pounds would form sufficient capital for the purpose, and one hundred men would be found to pay down £50 each."

Mayo.

As soon as the election of Lord J. Browne was announced to the people of Westport, they prepared for their long-contemplated illumination; and, when night approached, the handsome, thriving little town presented a most interesting appearance. Every house was brilliantly lighted; and all the dwellings in the vicinity of the town, caught by the general enthusiasm, followed the example. The display of fireworks was brilliant in the extreme; and the orderly conduct of the laughing, the cheering, and rejoicing crowd was such as to enhance the tribute of popular devotion to the general favorite a thousand fold. Louisburgh, too, was illuminated for the occasion. But the monster bonfire, on the highest peak of "Croak Patrick," put all the other lights in the shade. Lord John, on his return to Westport from Castlebar, was met by a choice body of young men, who hurried him in triumph into the town, amid the huzzas of the immense gathering of old and young.—*Telegraph.*

It is rumored and believed that Lord Palmerston asked the Attorney-General to remain in office to prosecute Fathers Conway and Ryan, as if he went on the bench, and Mr. Deasy had to be re-elected, he would be met on the hustings by awkward questions, such as "Will you prosecute the Priests?" The Government have, it is said, accepted Judge Perrin's resignation, so that when the Priests' trials are over they can put Fitzgerald on the bench.—*Constitution.*

A man named Arthur McCusker (*alias* Cosgrove), and of the patriarchal age of 104 years, died in Louisburgh on the 5th of January. He was a native of Tyrone, where he was enrolled among the "Irish Volunteers" in 1782.—*Nation.*

Meath.

The Quarter Sessions for the county of Meath, which commenced at Navan, under the presidency of Charles Robert Barry, Esq., (the infirmities of Mr. Plunket again preventing his attendance,) were brought to a conclusion. The business of the session was disposed of in a shorter time than we remember to have witnessed for many years.

The residence and farm known as Harcourt Lodge, near Trim, comprising 46 acres, held by lease for an unexpired term of 41 years, subject to 18s. per acre, was sold recently under the hammer of Mr. Charles C. Farrell, to Mr. Thomas Russell, of Friars' Park, for £1,150.

While Mr. Alexander Jameson, near Kells, was ploughing in a field newly broken up out of a grazing hill, he found a pair of mill stones, beautifully cut, buried two feet under ground. The two would weigh about 2 1-2 cwt. The ground was never labored before.

Roscommon.

At Castlerea, Mrs. Irwin, wife to the head-constable of that station, dropped dead after rising from breakfast, without any premonitory symptom of her sudden dissolution. The cause of death was apoplexy. She was the mother of seventeen children, and much respected.

Tipperary.

The unfortunate depositors of the Tipperary Bank are likely at last to get a small instalment of their claims on that concern, several of the leading shareholders having offered terms of compromise, which have been accepted by the official manager and ratified by the Master in Chancery.

Head Constable Aubrey, of Borrisokane, arrested Thomas Fogarty, under the assumed name of Egen, who is charged with the murder of Philip Shanahan in Templemore, in the month of March, 1857, from which time he evaded the vigilance of the police.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

Mr. Justice Christian, the new Judge of the Common Pleas, is a Tipperary man, and a native of Carrick-on-Suir.

Waterford.

At the Waterford Quarter Sessions, William Scanlan was tried before Assistant Barrister Bessonett, for having stolen £40 belonging to Mr. Burke, clerk of the Waterford Union. Constable M'Manus, of the Cork Constabulary, was examined and proved having arrested the prisoner at the railway station in Cork, and finding on his person £1 8s. 7d., a passage ticket to America, and a key that opened the desk from which he had abstracted the money. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor.

Recently a spar, apparently a jibboom, and a jolly-boat, black outside and white inside, were washed ashore at Dromore. They had evidently been a long time in deep water. The boat had in the stern, nearly obliterated, "William Lumson, Redbere," or words similar.

INDIA.

The Bombay and Calcutta mails have arrived. The tale they tell is that the rebellion is now more extended and formidable than it was any former period. Lucknow has been relieved of the presence of Sir Colin Campbell; there is not a bagpipes within screeching distance of the Oude frontier. In what direction the Campbells are coming or going just now we are unable to say, but the general impression is that it is towards Calcutta. Oude has been swept clear, not only of British soldiers but of their allies, a set of wretches who have been much spoken of lately as "the dear little Ghoorkas." Sir Colin will probably try another campaign in that country in some future time, but he will then find the people still more determined and much better prepared than they were on the late occasion. Meantime there is joy in Oude, where, no doubt, the people feel, as others would in like circumstances,

"Blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free."

It is now said the rebels could have extinguished the party in the Residency at any moment they pleased; they allowed them to exist as a bait to bring the British troops into Oude, where the Sepoy soldiery were in the greatest numbers, and the rebellion was universal. Sir Colin perceived his danger, and having extracted the besieged garrison from their dangerous position, he "vamoosed," as the Americans express it. The women and children were sent on to Allahabad, the place where, at an earlier stage of the revolt, the mutineers gratified a grim fancy by cutting down British officers to the tune of "God save the Queen." It is to be hoped these sorely-tried women and children are now out of all danger, and on their way to England. It is stated that Sir Henry Havelock died not from disease, but from wounds received in action; and we learn that the victory said to have been gained by General Windham on the day preceding his defeat, was not the result of an engagement with the Gwalior Contingent, but with a small and totally different force which the leaders of the Contingent had sent out as a decoy. The plan succeeded. Windham fancied he had overthrown the Gwalior men, but next day they came down in earnest and sent him flying off the field. We know not how often they were annihilated afterwards—all their guns were taken at least twice over. They were commanded by Nena Sahib, who drowned himself in the Ganges some months ago—a fitting leader for a force having such an extraordinary vitality. The Affghans, it is reported, are preparing for rebellion, having murdered their ruler, Dost Mahomed, who was bribed by the British with two lacs of rupees per month, to keep the peace. The fate of the British in Bengal is now in the hands of Jung Bahadoor, who, with a force of ten or twelve thousand Ghoorkas, is "master of the situation." He is apparently friendly to the British, but is much distrusted.

THE GHOORKAS.

Our readers must have seen these "little Ghoorkas," turning up now and again in letters and despatches. English ladies at one of the stations occupied themselves some time ago in making flannel garments for these "dear little Ghoorkas," and wrote of them to England in a style nearly similar to that in which Titania, while the charm was on her eyes, addressed herself to Bottom, who was, indeed, quite as loveable a creature as either of them, if we may credit the following, given by the *Times* as an extract from the letter of an officer in charge of a troop of these fellows:

"I don't believe we are destined to see any active service. I think they never will be mad enough to trust such a set of barbarians in the field. They will do the work of destroying villages and *settling* disturbed districts well enough. They suffer much from the heat; quite as much as we do. They march with umbrellas, and often with fans. They have no notion of keeping together, and are the dirtiest set I ever saw in my life. They eat ravenously, and their food is uncooked, or nearly so. They take no care or notice of their sick, 400 of whom we had to leave on the other side of the river."

The italics, as the newspapers say, are our own.—*Nation.*

IS THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY EXTINGUISHED IN IRELAND?

In the times of our fathers, when a penal code the most diabolical that ever disgraced the annals of legislative tyranny had almost made the people the slaves in soul which the statute book pronounced them in person, the spirit of liberty still lived and found a resting-place in many a congenial heart. And there are not a few just now who do not hesitate to affirm that, even in those dark days, there were more true and fearless patriots to be found, both in the upper and lower classes of Irishmen, than could be discovered by any process at the present hour.

There may be much truth in the opinion that we are not progressing in the love, or, at least, in the manly assertions of freedom. This may be owing to causes too difficult to be probed in times like these; but one thing admits of no dispute, and that is, whatever may be the cause, that since the dawn of the present century there never was in Ireland so much real apathy and political indifference. So thoroughly down-trodden are the peasantry, and so slavishly meek under the yoke are the small gentry, that an angry word from a lord would make them tremble for the present and quake for the future, as if their salvation here and hereafter depended on his sovereign will and pleasure.

A French writer, whose aphorisms we have somewhere seen quoted, says: "That were there only three people on earth, two would combine to make the third a slave, and when the deed of villainy was done, one of the two would fall at the feet of the other and call him lord and master." There is a little of the hyperbole in this saying; but there is a spice of truth, and if it be applied to Ireland it may almost be regarded as a positive fact. The tendency on the one hand to tyrannize, and, on the other, to crouch, and cringe, and flatter, is too apparent—too notorious to bear comment.

There is, it would seem, a contagion both in tyranny and slavery. The man who tamely submits to be a slave, would be, and is, the veriest tyrant when opportunity offers. We have ocular demonstration every day that the man who tramples on the rights of his fellow-man is the most abject reptile that crawls round the footstool of power, when he is obliged to lick the dust in the presence of a superior. The peasantry, therefore, are powerless as helpless—we don't say willing—slaves; and landlords, with few exceptions, are servile as slave-owners.

We are not of those who would wail over this state of things as irreparable. Party spirit is as high just now in Ireland as ever it was; but the spirit of justice is recognized as omnipotent, though few of its acts have been practised. Where the spirit of justice is recognized, the spirit of liberty must be hovering near. And, dark and gloomy though the aspect of our political horizon be, still there are signs of movement among the people abroad and at home that bid us hope for a speedy and sweeping change.—*Mayo Telegraph, or Connaught Ranger.*

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

LISBON COLLEGE (ENGLISH) OF SS. PETER AND PAUL.—On November 30th, Feast of St. Andrew Ap., six of the students—viz., Revs. Bernard Doran, Wm. Croft, Richard Meagher, Thomas Croft, Wm. Hilton, and John Lennon, took the Missionary Oath binding them to serve the Church in England. The festival of the glorious St. Thomas of Canterbury was marked this time by an event very gratifying to the inmates of the College and to all Lisbonians. The students have, since the middle of summer, been residing at Luz, a village about three miles from Lisbon, and have all escaped the ravages of fever.—*Weekly Register.*

KILDALKEY CHAPEL.—A new organ was erected in the chapel of Kildalkey during Christmas week, which, for elegance of finish and brilliancy of tone, can scarcely be excelled. It was built by Telford & Telford, of Stephen's green. It stands seven feet high, four and a half feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. The chapel is now one of the finest in the county.—*Meath People.*

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—After many delays and difficulties, the Sisters of Mercy have at length succeeded in procuring a suitable site for the new convent. They have now got possession of ten acres of land lately held on the Fuerty road by Patrick Dignan, Esq., whose interest they purchased, having before secured the fee when sold in the Incumbered Estates Court.—*Roscommon Messenger.*

The Catholic parishioners of the union of Tyrella, Ballkinlar, and Drumea, recently presented their esteemed pastor, the Rev. Mr. Curoe, with a very elegant jaunting-car, harness, and horse, costing altogether about £60. Mr. Curoe has now been twenty-four years parish priest of this union. He is distinguished for the highest classical attainments, powerful eloquence, and benevolent disposition. This tribute to his virtues by his affectionate parishioners, after such a long and faithful discharge of his duties, is only one mark of the esteem in which he is held.—*Newry Herald.*

The Rev. Joseph Healy died in High street on the 11th Jan., in the fiftieth year of his age, and nineteenth of his ministry; he died deeply regretted by his brother priests, and by all those who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. He was a good priest, and a true Irishman; and his love of country was next to that of his God. He has passed from amongst us, and may his soul rest in peace.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

A Russian ecclesiastic has arrived in Paris to superintend the construction of the new Greek Catholic Chapel for the Russian inhabitants of Paris. It will take four years to construct this chapel. The marble, malachite, and spar, according to the model, will all be brought from Russia, as well as the little domes and spires of gilt copper.

An ordination was held recently in the Cathedral Church of Tuam, upon which occasion the order of priesthood was conferred by his Grace the Archbishop on the Rev. Patrick Ryan, late of Maynooth College, and a native of that town.

Letters from Milan state that the health of the Archbishop is no longer a subject of inquietude, the apoplectic attack which for a time had paralyzed his body had ceased, and at the present moment he may be deemed to be quite well.

Mrs. Margaret O'Donnell, widow of the late J. O'Donnell, Esq., of Kilbreedy, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Very Rev. John Brahan, P.P., and V.G., of Newcastle.

On the 19th December, at the Chuch of St. Sulpice, Paris, fifty priests were ordained by the Archbishop of Paris. On the same occasion over 400 students were admitted to Minor Orders.

On the feast of the Holy Innocents, Miss O'Callaghan, of Dublin, received the white veil in the Presentation Convent, Mill street, from the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The Most Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Catholic Bishop of Clogher, thankfully acknowledges the receipt of £5 from Lady Rossmore, and of £2 from H. Lloyd, Esq., Camlay, for the poor of Monaghan.

R. W. Reynell, Esq., begs to acknowledge the receipt of £20, restitution money, from the Rev. Walter Birmingham, P.P., of Tuam.

Domestic.

REQUIEM MASS IN CHICOPEE, MASS.—The Church of Chicopee, Mass., was crowded on the 28th ult. to witness the solemn and imposing "Month's Mind," or Requiem Mass, celebrated by the Rev. Peter J. Blenkinsop, of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, for the repose of the soul of his father, Peter Blenkinsop, Esq., who died in Madison, Indiana, on the 28th of December. Mr. Blenkinsop was a native of Ireland, and one of its first Catholic publishers. He was among the first, if not the very first, who issued a Catholic Magazine in the United States; and died as he lived an ornament to his religion and an honor to his native country. On his death-bed he had the consolation of seeing himself surrounded by children whose virtues shed a lustre on his declining years—one the late President of Holy Cross, Mass., another, the well known and esteemed Pastor of Chicopee, and the third, the second Superior of the Convent of Emmetsburg, Md. The Celebrant was assisted by the Rev. A. Ciampi, President of Holy Cross College, Deacon, and Rev. P. Cuddihy, Milford, as Subdeacon. Among those participating in the ceremony were the Rev. J. Boyce, Worcester, as Deacon of Honor; Rev. P. Gallaher, Springfield; Rev. Mr. Purcell, of Pittsfield; Rev. Mr. Egan, of Lee; and Rev. Mr. O'Brien, of New Haven, as Master of Ceremonies, together with several friends of the deceased's family, who had come from Worcester and Springfield to assist at the services. Father Ciampi preached the sermon, which was dictated by the solemn occasion which called them together, and the necessity of being prepared by a life of good works—as was the revered man just departed—to meet the fate which awaits us at any moment God is pleased to call on us. The presence of the clergy, the sombre, yet tasteful appearance of the Church—which was dressed in mourning—the dirge-like music of the organ, all contributed to make an impression on the congregation, which, we would fain hope, will be productive of good by keeping constantly before their eyes the great event by which life terminates and eternity begins.—*Communicated.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

January 5, in the Parish Church of St. Mark, Dublin, by the Rev. James Carson, Alfred Henshaw, Esq., Harrington street, to Susanna, daughter of the late William Carson.

January 5, in Cork, William Edmonds, Esq., to Catherine, relict of John Brady, Esq., of London.

January 6, at Moate, Robert G. Deverell, Esq., of Tullamore, to Charlotte, daughter of George Fleming, Esq., of Surock House, county Westmeath.

January 6, at Glendermott, John Wallace, Esq., to Lucy, daughter of Silvester Moore, of Balbriggan, co. Dublin.

January 7, at Castlestownroche, Bache Harpur Heathcote, Esq., to Priscilla Widenham, daughter of the late Henry M. Smyth, of Castle Widenham, county Cork.

January 7, in the Catholic Church of Tubercurry, by the Rev. James M'Hugh, P.P., Nicholas J. Divine, to Bridget A., daughter of John Burke, Tubercurry.

January 7, at the Friends' Meeting House, Clonmel, Anthony Pim, of Mountmelick, to Lucy Bewley, daughter of Henry Jacob, of Clonmel.

January 7, in Armagh, Charles John Calvert, Esq. to Martha, daughter of George Robinson, deputy-lieutenant of the county Armagh.

January 7, at Grassendale, C. C. Alston, Esq., of Chili, South America, to Mary Jane Crosmon, daughter of William Godbey, of Duncalk, county Louth.

January 11, in Tralee, Hugh W. Bradshaw, Esq., of Philipstown House, county Tipperary, to Maria Theresa, daughter of the late J. Hurly, Esq., clerk of the crown for the county Kerry.

January 12, in the Catholic Church, Lisronagh, by the Rev. T. J. O'Donnell, C.C., St. Laurence's, Dublin, William J. Power, Esq., M. D., Cappaghwhite, to Ellen Maria, daughter of the late J. O'Donnell, Esq., Maginstown House, county Tipperary.

At the Catholic Church, Thomastown, county Kilkenny, by the Rev. John Quaney, Henry Holohan, Esq., 39 Heytsbury street, Dublin, to Mary, daughter of Edward Kelly, Esq.

January 12, at Magourney, Samuel Penrose, son of the late Samuel Penrose, Esq., of Shandangan, county Cork, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Henry D. O'Callaghan, Esq., of Nadrid, in the same county.

September 27, at Hawthorne, near Melbourne, Australia, G. S. O'Halloran, Esq., formerly of Glenarm, in the county Antrim, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Hodgson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

DEATHS.

At Kennington, London, John Theobald Purcell, Esq., solicitor, formerly of Dublin.

January 6, at No. 19 North Earl street, Emily Gertrude, wife of William Mossop, aged 31 years.

January 7, at Monk place, Phibsborough, aged 44 years, Thomas Bury, Esq., of Ballina, county Mayo. May he rest in peace.

January 11, at 24 Mary's Abbey, Nathaniel Joseph Booth, Esq., late of Oldtown House, Celbridge.

January 11, at 31 Lower Bridge street, James Joseph Coffey, the eldest son of Mr. Maurice Coffey, in the 19th year of his age.

January 8, at Peafield terrace, Blackrock, Fanny Catherine, daughter of the late Rev. George Vaughan Hart.

January 1, at Fentona, county Tyrone, Miss Macaree, sincerely and deservedly regretted.

In the Convent of Roscrea, Kate, daughter of the late C. Maul, Esq., of Cork.

At Gurteenroe Cottage, Macroom, James Welply, Esq., a magistrate of the county Cork.

January 2, in Cork, Lucy, widow of John Gillespie.

January 2, at Glanavilla, in the King's County, Eliza Massy, wife of George Robbins.

January 3, in Navan, Mrs. Mary O'Neill, mother of the Rev. Charles O'Neill, of Scarthingwell Hall, York.

January 6, at Reece's, county Wicklow, Anne, wife of Edward Blake, Esq., late of Castlegrove, county Galway.

January 6, at Whitechurch House, county Waterford, Robert Howell, Esq.

January 7, at Athenry, Mr. Bernard Dulgenan, aged 61 years.

January 7, at Stoneyhill, in the county Antrim, Mary, daughter of Isaac Hardy, Esq.

January 7, at Newtownards, county Down, aged 74 years, Wm. Simpson, Esq., Surgeon in the Royal Navy.

January 8, at Queenstown, James Scott, Esq.

January 8, at Castlebellingham, county Louth, aged 78 years, J. Hampton, Esq.

January 8, George Magrath, of inflammation of the lungs, son of the late Terence Magrath, Esq., of O'Callaghan's Mills, county Clare.

January 9, at Queenstown, aged 72 years, Harriette, widow of Richard Wood, Esq., formerly Captain in the 62d regiment.

January 9, in Limerick, Bridget, eldest daughter of the late R. Harte, Esq., formerly of Doome House, county Clare.

January 9, at Prosperous, county Kildare, Vincent Stamer.

January 9, in Belfast, Henry, son of Robert Kelly, Esq., solicitor.

January 10, at Easton Lodge, Belfast, James Goddard, Esq., aged 73 years.

January 10, at Liffey Bank, county Kildare, Dorah, wife of John Falkiner, Esq., of Willsborough, county Tipperary.

January 11, Caroline Matilda, wife of Thomas Cooke, Esq., and daughter of the late G. Tinkler, Esq., of Janeville, Stillorgan.

January 13, at the residence of her brother, N. Markey, Esq., of Naul, county Meath, Elizabeth Boylan, widow of the late Patrick Boylan, of Grafton street, Dublin.

January 12, Mr. Thomas Dignam, of Drumcondra, sincerely and deservedly regretted.

January 10, in Dublin, Margaret, relict of James Llewellin, Esq.

January 11, in Upper Leeson street, Dublin, Robert George, eldest son of the late Robert Cooper, Esq.

January 12, at Dalkey, aged 83 years, William M'Dermott, Esq., solicitor, late of York street.

December 31, at Anglesey avenue, Blackrock, aged 62, Miss Jane Manning, daughter of the late F. Manning, of Drakestown, county of Louth, Esq., J. P.

Mr. Charles O'Neill, of Ballymoney, county Down, at the advanced age of 112 years.

On the 29th ultimo, at Warrenpoint, Patrick Crawford, aged 11 years.

With feelings of regret we announce the death of John Ferguson, Esq., of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick. The melancholy event occurred in Dublin, and was quite unexpected. Mr. Ferguson was born in Rathkeale, county of Limerick, where his family had been long settled. He was born on the 8th of January, 1797, and having died on the 9th Jan., 1858, he completed his sixty-first year. His remains were conveyed from his late residence, Upper Gloucester street, for interment at Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The Creator and the Creature.—We are creatures. What is it to be a creature? Before the sun sets in the red west, let us try to have an answer to our question. We find ourselves in existence to-day, amid this beautiful sene, with multitudes of our fellow-creatures round about us. We have been alive and on the earth so many years, so many months, so many weeks, so many days, so many hours. At such and such a time we come to the use of reason; but at such an age, and in such a way that we clearly did not confer our reason upon ourselves. But here we are to-day, not only with reason, but with a character of our own, and fulfilling a destiny in some appointed station in life. We know nothing of what has gone before us, except some little of the exterior of the past, which history or tradition or family records have told us of. We do not doubt that the sun and the moon, the planets and the stars, the blue skies and the four winds, the whole green seas and the fruitful earth, were before our time, indeed before the time of man at all. Science unriddles mysterious things about them, but all additional light seems only to darken and to deepen our real ignorance. So it is with the creature—man. He finds himself in existence, which he did not give to himself; he knows next to nothing of what has gone before, and absolutely nothing of what is to come, except so far as his Creator is pleased to reveal it to him supernaturally. And thus it comes to pass that he knows better what will happen to him in the world to come than what will be his fortune here. He knows nothing of what is to happen to himself on earth—whether his future years will be happy or sorrowful, whether he will rise or fall, whether he will be well or ailing. It is not in his own hands, neither is it before his eyes. If you ask him the particular and special end which he is to fulfil in his life, what the particular gift or good which he was called into being to confer upon his fellow-men, what the exact place and position which he was to fill in the great social whole, he cannot tell you. It has not been told to him; the chances are with him as with most men, that he will die, and yet not know it. And why? Because he is a creature.—*The Creator and the Creature, by Dr. Faber.*

Russian Census. — The results of the last census in Russia taken by order of the Emperor, on his accession to the throne, were these: The total number of the population amounts to 63,000,000; the principal elements of which give results unknown to the rest of Europe. The clergy of the Russian Church stand for the enormous number of 510,000; that of the tolerated creeds, 35,000; the hereditary nobility, 155,000; the burgeoisie, including discharged soldiers, 425,000; foreigners residing temporarily, 40,000; different bodies of Cossacks colonized on the Oural, the Don, the Volga, the Black Sea, the Baikal, the Baschkirs, together with the irregular Kalmucks, 2,000,000; the population of the towns, the middle and lower classes, 5,000,000; the population of the country parts, 45,000,000; the wandering tribes, 500,000; the inhabitants of the trans-Caucasian possessions, 1,400,000; the kingdom of Poland, 4,200,000; the Grand Duchy of Finland, 1,400,000; and the Russian colonies in America, 71,000. At the accession of the Emperor Nicholas the census then taken only gave a population of 51,000,000. This large increase in the space of thirty years may, however, be readily understood, when it is considered that the Russian territory has now an extent of 22,000,000 of square kilometres, (a kilometre is 5-8ths of a mile,) and a length of coast of 27,000 killometres. If the population continues to increase in the same proportion, it will, by 1900, amount to 100,000,000. The Russian empire, according to the same document, contains 112 different nations, divided into 12 principal races, the most numerous of which is the Sclavonian, including the Russians, (properly so called,) the Poles, the Cossacks, and the Servian colonies of the Dnieper. These populations inhabit the finest and the most important provinces of the empire.

Thirst worse than Hunger.—That disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of Raging Thirst is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason: During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience.—*Blackwood.*

Silk-weaving.—The art of silk-weaving was known and practised by the Chinese, and by the people of various parts of the East, in the most remote ages. It was introduced into Constantinople and into Greece about the middle of the sixth century; but it did not find its way into Italy, Spain, and France until a much later period. The silk manufactures founded in Palermo and Calabria, about the year 1148, were the parent establishments; and to them those which subsequently made their appearance in other parts of Europe owed their origin. The first silk-weaving manufactures established in France date from the reign of Louis XI., and about the year 1470.

Loss at Lucknow.—An English journal, the *Atlas*, gathers "from the confused, fragmentary, and defective statements published by authority, and from our own private letters," that the operations at Lucknow were not attended with a decisive success, nor anything near it. So far from it "success has been almost entirely confined to the relief of the Residency, and to the removal of the garrison, the sick and wounded, and women and children, to the Allumbagh." The cost of even this limited amount of success has been enormous. "The casualities during the six days actual fighting, up to the 21st of November, being at the formidable figure of 1,600." We subjoin the following from a private communication, received direct from an officer now serving with Sir Colin Campbell at Lucknow: "Attempts will be made by the government of India and England to deceive the public, by saying that the success at Delhi and Lucknow will finish the rebellion. It is not true; the best proof of which is that mutinies still continue to take place. Intelligence was received yesterday (November 24th), that the detachment of the 34th Regiment at Chittagong have plundered the Treasury, and marched off with all the elephants at the station, after releasing the prisoners from the gaol."

The Grandeur and Beauty of Verona.—At Rome, the Roman—at Pisa, the Lombard architecture may be seen in greater or in equal nobleness; but not at Rome, nor Pisa, nor Florence, nor in any city of the world, is there a great mediæval Gothic like the Gothic of Verona. Elsewhere it is either less pure in type, or less lovely in completion; only at Verona may you see it in the simplicity of its youthful power, and the tenderness of its accomplished beauty. And Verona possesses, in the last place, the loveliest Renaissance architecture of Italy, not disturbed by pride, nor defiled by luxury, but rising in fair fulfilment of domestic service, serenity of effortless grace, and modesty of home seclusion. All this she possesses, in the midst of natural scenery such as assuredly exists nowhere else in the habitable globe—a wild Alpine river foaming at her feet, from whose shore the rocks rise in a great crescent, dark with cypress, and misty with olive; illimitably, from before her southern gates, the tufted plains of Italy sweep and fade in golden light; around her, north and west, the Alps crowd in crested troops, and the winds of Benacus bear to her the coolness of their snows.—*Ruskin's Political Economy of Art.*

Chesterfield on Johnson.—There is a man whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in; but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the Graces. He throws anywhere but down his throat what he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces everything. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes; absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect; he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him a respectable Hottentot.

Birth-place and Burial-place of Charlemagne.—The actual birth-place of Charlemagne has been much contested. The most probable account, however, gives the honor to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). This was unquestionably his favorite residence for many years; and he died and was buried there in the year 814. When his tomb was opened by Otto III., one hundred and eighty years after the interment, the body of Charlemagne was found in an erect position, seated on a marble stool, in full imperial costume, and all undecayed except the point of the nose. His nails had grown so long as to pierce and project through the gloves with which his hands were covered. Otto removed all the adjuncts, to be preserved as imperial relics, extracted a tooth, pared the overgrown nails, renewed the lost nose by one of gold, and having placed on him a clean shirt, once more consigned Charles to repose.—*Notes on History.*

Murder of a Wallachian Judge.—A Bucharest letter of the 21st Dec., in the *Post Ampt Gazette*, says: "The President of the civil tribunal of this place was assassinated to-day on his seat of judgment. The murderer is a Greek, aged 22, who had just lost a suit for the prosecution of which he had been obliged to sell all his property. When he heard the judgment pronounced, he drew a pistol from his pocket and blew out the President's brains, exclaiming, 'At last justice is done!' He then wanted to kill himself, with another pistol, but was prevented and lodged in prison."

Madame Pfeiffer.—It appears, from information received by the *Athenæum*, that, after great difficulty, Madame Pfeiffer reached the sea coast, at Madagascar, and embarked again for Mauritius. She had caught the terrible Madagascar fever, and was seriously ill after her arrival at Port Louis. Thanks to the climate of that island, and the kindness of her friends at Vacoa, she was quite convalescent at the departure of the overland mail on the 14th of November. Madame Pfeiffer was then meditating a voyage to Australia.

The "Belfast Man."—Francis Davis, better known as "The Belfast Man," undoubtedly the first lyrist of the day, has been placed on the Government Literary Fund for a pension of £50 a year. Francis Davis belongs to that class of bards which, in Scotland, can boast a Burns, and in England an Elliott. He has written many very beautiful things. His two published volumes of miscellaneous poems and songs exhibit the highest order of lyrical genius. His great charm is that he is never artificial or labored—like Burns, his power is that of nature, and his numbers glide imperceptibly to the heart. His best productions have not yet been collected for publication. He has contributed largely to the *Dublin University Magazine*—in which, perhaps, the most beautiful efforts of his genius have appeared—and also to various English periodicals. He has, under many discouraging circumstances, created for himself a name in the literature of the age; and what he has done—brilliant as it has been—only points to a higher excellence which his genius is yet capable of attaining.—*Belfast Mercury.*

Emigration from Liverpool in 1857.—The total number of emigrants who sailed from Liverpool for the American, Canadian, and Australian ports (including new Zealand) during the year ended was upwards of 154,000. Between 230 and 240 ships have sailed during the year for the United States, carrying in all 97,594 passengers; 150 ships have taken their departure for Australian ports, with 51,243 passengers, (including 400 to New Zealand;) and sixteen ships have sailed during the year for the Canadian ports, with about 6,000 passengers on board. In the latter part of the year there has not only been a considerable falling off in the emigration to the United States, but many of the old emigrants have returned, and either proceeded to Ireland or have taken passage for Australia, and have thus helped to swell the numbers who are still crowding to those colonies.

A Family Supported by Eagles.—Luckombe, in his "Tour through Ireland in 1779," says: "In most of these mountains (the Mac Gillycuddys Reeks in Kerry) are numbers of eagles and other rapacious birds. I have been assured, that some years ago a certain poor man in this part of the country discovered one of their nests, and that by clipping the wings of the eaglets, and fixing collars of leather about their throats, which prevented them from swallowing, he daily found a store of good provisions in the nest, such as various kinds of excellent fish, wild-fowl, rabbits and hares, which the old ones constantly brought to their young. And thus the man and his children were well supported during a hard summer, by only giving the garbish to the eaglets to keep them alive."

A Sketch of Bergen.—The first walk in Bergen is a treat; to see something so singular yet so pretty left in the world, each house different in size, and all complete pigeon-holes, one after another trying which shall be the gayest, yet harmonizing together in variety; while some, anxious for originality, frown in dark green or sober brown, and by their demureness set off the levity of rows of smiling neighbors. Fancy a hundred such on either side, their casements painted the cleanest white, little balustrades ascending to the second stories, the bright garments hanging outside and fluttering for sale, an old arch as distance, rolling sailors, Greek-clothed girls for figures, and that is the principal street of Bergen.—*Unprotected Females in Norway.*

New Importations from Turkey.—A powder has been brought to this country by Captain Leslie Stanhope, called the "Turkey Face Powder," which is attracting much attention amongst the aristocracy at the present moment. It has the peculiar property of immediate absorption, and in that absorption there is something so nourishing to the skin, that it seems to take years away from a person's age, and renew the freshness of early youth.—*Morning Post.*

The earthquake in the kingdom of Naples proves to have been a calamity terrible beyond even the worst anticipations that were felt when the news first arrived. The inhabitants of whole towns and villages have been buried in the ruins of their habitations, and the loss of life is something really awful, being variously estimated at from five to ten thousand souls. The lowest estimate shows a calamity fearful to contemplate, as so vast a number of deaths must have a dreadful accompaniment of maimed, &c. The destruction of property must also have been immense, and the mental sufferings of the unfortunate population exposed to so imminent a peril beyond anything we can readily conceive. We trust that means will be found to relieve the poor sufferers, and we rejoice to observe that the so-much-maligned King is exerting himself nobly in the truly Christian work of succoring the victims of this terrible calamity.—*Dublin Tablet.*

One of the favorite ideas of the Emperor is the fertilization of France. In the Sologne, and now in the Landes, great experiments have been carried on, and in the latter locality Louis Napoleon possesses large tracts of land lately acquired. At present the government is busy with a great plan on the salubrification and the culture of hitherto barren land. It appears, from the ministerial documents published, that there are yet in France 21,097,952,000 of uncultivated meadows, lands, fallows, &c.—*Illustrated Inventor.*

A queer genius being asked why he did not attend the funeral of his wife, replied, "that he could not leave his shop, and that it was always better to attend to business before pleasure."

The *Independence* says that the French government have decided not to take part in the operations of the English against Canton. Orders to this effect have been despatched to the French Admiral in command. The forces under his command will proceed to make a demonstration against Cochin China, where cruel persecutions are directed against Christians, and where the authorities have recently insulted a vessel of the French Imperial navy. Spain having similar grievances will co-operate with the French. The Touranne in Cochin China was ceded to France in 1757, but never occupied. Its occupation would give the French in the Chinese seas a position equivalent to that which the English, Dutch, and Spaniards already possess, and which Russia is now creating on the Amoor river.

The town of Aberayron, Cardiganshire, has been thrown recently into a state of gloom, caused by the awful death of Richard Morgans, farm bailiff at Penygarreg. The threshing machine on Penygarreg farm had only just been set to work, when Morgans went out as usual to oil the iron rods connecting the water-wheel with the boiler, a distance of fifty yards, and while in the act of oiling one of the plates suspending the rods it is supposed the rapid revolutionary action took hold of the end of his jacket, which gradually drew in his head under the bars, thereby dislodging the massive stone pillars and severing his head completely from his body. It put a full stop to the work, and it was not until the people left the barn to know the cause that his poor headless body was discovered.

A letter from Palermo gives some curious details as to the state of Sicily. On receiving the news of the earthquake at Naples, the inhabitants of the island were seized with the greatest alarm, increased by the threatening aspect which Mount Etna had recently assumed—giving evident symptoms of an approaching eruption. As a loud subterranean noise was reported to have been several times heard, the intendant of the province of Catana, accompanied by some scientific men and engineers, went to the mountain to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the rumor. The result of the visit showed that the fears entertained were without foundation, and a proclamation to that effect was published, which tended to dissipate the public alarm.

The *Court Gazette*, of St. Petersburg, contains an article directed against Turkey and Austria. It says: "After the taking of Adrianople, Russia, in 1833, saved Turkey from the attacks of one of its rebel subjects (Mehemet Ali), and in 1848 she aided Austria against the Hungarian insurgents, while no other great power showed any intention of assisting these two states. Austria and Turkey may now be sure, after the peace of Paris, that Russia will not render them the same service a second time. Henceforth they rely upon their own resources."

A letter from Jerusalem, in the *Constitutionel*, says: "The pilgrims now here are very numerous, and the Greek convents are all full. There are not less than 1,800 Greeks and 800 Armenians. What will the number be at Easter? We have also some travellers of distinction here; and among them are the Princess de Latour d'Auvergne, who intends to stop here for six months; Count de Labedoyere, Count de Belgiojoso, Prince Lubomirski, two Russian generals, and Mgr. Trioche, Bishop of Babylon."

The *Moniteur* publishes the appointment of a committee to regulate the great library of Paris in Rue Richelieu. The old palace of Cardinal Mazarin, which contains this greatest of European collections, has undergone a thorough overhauling, and now presents on the Rue Vivienne side, and Ros des Petits Champs, a most beautiful aspect. The internal management is the object of imperial solicitude, and the names of the commissioners guarantee improvement.

The new work on Homer, by Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., which has given rise to so much literary speculation, is now in process of printing at the press of the university which the right hon. gentleman represents in Parliament. Its title will be, "Homer and the Homeric Age." It will appear in three volumes.

The town of Sebastopol, as it is now being rebuilt, is laid out in such a manner as to admit of the construction, on all the strategetic points of the south side, of government buildings, which in case of a war might easily be converted into forts. Fort St. Paul, at Kerich, is to be completely finished by next March.

Count Cavour seems to have taken a hint from Lord Palmerston's priest prosecution. He is about to ask the Sardinian Chamber to take up the question of clerical interference in the late elections, and to declare that not only physical violence, but moral pressure, will be deemed good ground for annulling an election.

A new illustrated paper is about to be started in London, on the plan of the *Illustrated London News*. A large capital is guaranteed for the new paper, which will bear the title of "*The Illustrated News of London.*"

The *Mentz Journal* states that Pope Pius IX. has just sent to the bishop of that city a sum of 1,200 florins, for the relief of the sufferers by the late explosion.

Marshal Soult's eldest son, the Duke de Dalmatie, died recently in Paris. He had been an invalid for the last two years.

The *Medical Gazette* of Lisbon asserts that all the persons of that city who reside in houses lighted by gas have escaped the yellow fever.

Amongst the exports from Cork by the steamship Cormorant, for Liverpool, were twenty-five turtles.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE CRUCIFIX.—What language is capable of conveying to the inmost recesses of the soul the profound impressions, radiating from this mournful representation of man's redemption? Its appeals are clothed in a phraseology not to be misunderstood by the most humble and unlettered, and which supply the defects of the most eloquent, in the desire to range through the mystery of love, embodied in the sign of the Son of Man. What Christian would consent to be deprived of this priceless jewel among the objects of his religious cabinet? Surely none who love to meditate on the Incarnation, the life, the passion, and the death of Him, who, so feelingly, addresses them from the altar of the Cross! Yet, it has been discarded, nay scoffed at, by modern Bibliomania, as an object dangerous in its tendency, and incompatible with the present refined notions of religion and evangelical purity! A weathercock is deemed more appropriate than the cross, now-a-days, to crown the summit of a meeting house; and may not be an inappropriate exposition of the ever-veering doctrine promulgated within. It still remains the treasure of the ancient church, the consolation and the comfort of the faithful, who find in it the compunction and sorrow for their participation in the cause which occasioned the awful tragedy enacted therein. It is the living, speaking, unceasing, and loving appeal of Jesus to man, "*Son give me thy heart.*"

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A SPORTSMAN.—The following remarkable narrative is from the St. Anthony (Min.) *News* of the 5th ult.: "A German named Walter, who formerly lived in Troy, N. Y., while following a deer a few weeks ago in the vicinity of Platte River, got lost in the woods, and was unable to retrace his steps. During his absence he suffered much from the intense cold. His gun got wet, and he could neither kill game nor build a fire to warm him. At the end of three days, his hunger becoming desperate, he killed his faithful dog, and ate a portion of him—of course without any of the appliances of cookery. He threaded the heart and liver upon a string around his neck, and devoured them the next day to keep himself from starving. When he had wandered four days and five nights, he was discovered sitting on the bank of a lake, his food all consumed, and himself resigned to die. He was conveyed to a cabin, food was given him, and his boots were cut off from his frozen feet, but for want of proper attention, mortification ensued and extended nearly to the ankle joints. He was then brought to this city, where both his legs were amputated at the ankles. He lies in a precarious state, and it is thought he cannot survive.

A DOVE STORY.—A gentleman of this city, who has a dove-cot at his residence at the West End, relates the following incident as having occurred recently. In the cot were a male and female dove and two squabs. The male squab having died, the elderly dove drove from his nest his female mate, and promoted to his bed and board the young female squab, pecking at and driving from his cot the female dove. Finally, upon one occasion, when the female appeared at the door of the cot, the male sallied out, pecked at her and drove her away. The persecuted mother flew down to a perch below, where, with her head under her wing, she remained for a short time and then fell suddenly to the ground. The inmates of the house, who had witnessed the proceeding, immediately went out and ascertained that the dove was dead, but no wound was found sufficient to cause death. Possibly she died of a broken heart from the brutal treatment of her false and fickle mate.—*Boston Traveller.*

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.—The latest measurement of our fresh water seas are these: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 587 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth, 160 miles; its mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 574 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; its mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; its mean depth, 500 feet; elevation, 262 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The total length of all five is 1,585 miles, covering an area altogether of upward of 90,000 square miles.

ARISTOCRATIC.—An aristocratic equipage drove down Broadway, New York, recently, and brought up in front of Stewart's dry goods palace, which attracted much attention. The carriage was drawn by a pair of cream-colored horses, in harness mounted with gold plate. Every piece of metal about the animals, indeed, was plated with pure gold, and the aggregate cost of the turn out is estimated at a sum big enough to feed all the poor in the city for a month to come. The owner is a well-known banker in Wall street.

ABUNDANT HARVESTS.—The crops of breadstuffs and provisions are large all over the world, and, it is believed by those competent of judging, far in excess of the world's requirements. In this state of things no advance of price can be looked for, and if the prospects for the next season open favorably, prices will be lower next spring than now, and the farmers who attempt to hold their stocks over will be disappointed.

RED FLANNEL PETTICOATS THE NEW STYLE.—The lady promenaders on the Avenue in Washington last week were somewhat horrified at the appearance of a distinguished foreigner, who held up her dress so as to display an undoubted scarlet flannel under-skirt. What an idea! Yet these same *peasant petticoats* are now all the rage across the waters. Queen Victoria brought them to London from her Balmoral Palace, in the Highlands of Scotland, about two years ago, and this year they have been adopted by the Empress Eugenie. Of course, they are *a la mode*—those of narrow stripes of red and black flannel being more *distingue* than the plain scarlet. Silks and satins being no longer trailed in the mud, and those ladies who wish to be *a la mode* should not only provide themselves at once, but practice gathering up their dresses in graceful folds, so as to display about a foot of the bright colored under-skirt.

RAISING A BRICK BUILDING IN CHICAGO.—A novel work is now going on in Chicago. It is nothing less than the raising a large four-story brick building from its foundation some eight or ten feet. The filling up of some of the principal thoroughfares has left very substantial and valuable houses, in some cases, six or eight feet below the street, and the first experiment of bringing them up to the level of the new grade is now being tried. The building in question is situated on the corner of Randolph and Dearborn streets, fronting about forty feet on the former, by eighty feet on the latter—a very substantial structure. It has now been raised about six feet. There is not the slightest appearance of strain or crack about it; the occupants prosecute their business as usual. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who writes these facts, says the work will prove entirely successful.

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question, and the answer by Mr. Schoolcraft should put the white man to the blush. This gentleman, who has for many years closely studied the characteristics of the race, says: "Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more bitter or reproachful than *match annemoosh*, which indicates simply bad dog. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler; but I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own, to say that the Indian cannot curse."

HUNGER.—If a man in good health has not eaten anything for some days, he will die if he eats heartily. When persons are found in an almost starving condition, light food, in small quantities, and at short intervals, is essential to safety. The reason is, that as soon as we begin to feel hungry, the stomach rolls and works about, and continues to do so, unless satisfied, till it is so exhausted that there is scarcely any vital energy; it is literally almost tired to death, and, therefore, digestion is performed slowly, and with great difficulty. Hence, when a person has been kept from eating several hours beyond his usual time, instead of eating fast and heartily, he should take his food with deliberation, and only half as much as if he had eaten at the regular time. Sudden and severe illness have resulted from a want of this precaution, and sometimes death has followed.

CANES AND PISTOLS IN RICHMOND.—O. Jennings Wise, Esq., son of the Governor of Virginia, provoked by the long continued and systematic assaults of the Richmond *Whig* upon his father, entered the editorial sanctum of that paper, and after announcing the cause of his anger, proceeded to give the editor, R. Ridgway, an unceremonious caning, in the course of which, an ordinary walking stick is said to have been considerably damaged, although neither of the principals in the matter received any very dangerous wounds. The Richmond papers contain the statements of both gentlemen, and the subsequent and final correspondence in the matter, further proceedings having apparently been abandoned for want of agreement between the parties as to the terms upon which they should indulge in killing each other. Wise seems to have got the best of it all around.

A WISE MEASURE.—The U. S. Senate has repealed the Act of 1856, which authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to change the names of vessels in certain cases. In the course of the discussion upon the subject, Mr. Benjamin stated that of 92 vessels whose names had been changed within eighteen months, 31 had been lost or crippled at sea. The most notable calamity, chargeable in part, no doubt, upon this law, was the loss of the "Central America," which had assumed a new name because of the bad odor and discredit into which the steamer had fallen among sea-going people under the old name of "George Law."

ANOTHER FIGHT WITH THE FLORIDA INDIANS.—The Tampa *Peninsular* contains intelligence of another battle between the volunteers and Indians. This engagement occurred on the 2d ult., supposed to be with the same Indians engaged in the massacre of horses belonging to Captain Steven and Stewart's expedition, heretofore noticed. About 200 Indians participated in the engagement, and 187 volunteer troops. Five of the Indians and one of the volunteers were killed.

CONSUL TO GLASGOW.—John B. Miller, Esq., of Utica, has accepted of the appointment of Consul to Glasgow, rumors to the contrary, notwithstanding. This is a very agreeable post with a salary of $2,500 per annum.

CASH AND CREDIT.—If you would get rich, don't deal in pass-books. Credit is the "tempter in a new shape." Buy dry goods on trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles that cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a sixty day due bill. Cash is practical, while credit takes horribly to taste and romance. Let cash buy a dinner and you will have a beef-steak flanked with onions; send a credit to market, and he will return with eight pair of woodcocks and a peck of mushrooms. Credit believes in double-breast pins and champagne suppers; cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day, and he don't care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little salt. Cash is a good adviser, while credit is a fellow I do not like to be on visiting terms with. If you want double chins and contentment, do business with cash.

STOCK GOING BLIND.—The Gonzales (Texas) *Enquirer* says a large number of horses and cattle in that and De Witt counties have gone entirely blind; from what cause has not yet been discovered. Many suppose it is owing to the grass having been poisoned by the emission of some substance from the grasshoppers, whilst others attribute it to the scarcity of grass in some of the ranges, which necessarily compels the stock to feed upon any and all kinds of swamp-weed, some of which may be poisonous.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "A young lady in Brooklyn determined recently that she would no longer remain 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' and without the fear of parental authority, and without saying 'by your leave, sir,' put on her bridal habiliments and walked into the P——e H——e, and said to her lover, 'we must be married this afternoon.' He, not to be outdone by his lady-love in the ardor of passion, accepted at once the proposal, and, crossing over to this city, found a clergyman 'who made them one' in the 'eye of the law.' They returned to the P——e H——e, when the bride of an hour sent a note to her 'dear papa,' saying, in the politest possible manner: 'Dear Papa! I am no longer Miss ——, but Mrs. ——.' This last marriage in haste will be a subject of conversation on the 'Heights' until the next one comes off."

There is, indeed, a power that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The exceeding mildness of the present winter appears little short of a special interposition of Providence. Had the rigors of a winter like that of 1856-'7 been superadded to the financial pressure which weighs with such severity upon all, the fate of thousands, in the northern cities especially, must have been awful indeed. There may yet be very cold weather, but its duration must necessarily be limited, and its rigors be gradually abated as the spring advances. Even as far north as Boston, men sun themselves in the open air, on the grass in the Common, while crocuses were protruding their heads through their straw coverings. At the same time last year, the thermometer was 13 degrees below zero in Boston, and on the 24th January, it had gone down to 24 below zero.

The Chicago *Tribune* states that from 2,000 to 3,000 farms are mortgaged to railroads in Wisconsin, and the mortgages are about to be foreclosed; the railroads cannot pay and the farmers will be stripped of the earnings of many years. A very large proportion of the land on the route of the La Crosse and Milwaukee railroad is mortgaged for the debts of that road. The farmers were induced to give the mortgages as security for the liabilities of the road by misrepresentations, as they now say, and the money thus raised has been misappropriated. The directors of the road cannot raise money to meet their obligations on the first of January, and the eastern holders of their securities will foreclose the mortgages on the farms. The farmers consider themselves swindled, and begin to talk about uniting to make forcible resistance to the sale of their homesteads.

The Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*, in a critique of Charles Mackay's lecture before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association on "Poetry and Song," concludes thus: "Mr. Mackay concluded by reciting a beautiful poem termed 'The Primrose,' and a song called 'Seasons and Reasons,' which, as to merit, was only fair. Mr. M's. lecture was not remarkable, nor do we think lecturing his vocation. He has built his theory concerning poetry upon his own productions, which are quite ordinary; and neither his capacities nor his views carry him to the steep where the stars are nearer and their music audible to the high bard's soul. His discourse contained nothing new. His delivery is dry, monotonous, and tedious."

A girl (fifteen) in the employ of Mr. William Blair, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was discovered, on the return of the family from church, lying on the floor, tied hand and foot, and her clothes much burned. She said that two men, with blackened faces, had forced open the kitchen door, tied her, &c., and had then ransacked the house, and a gold watch was missing. The girl afterwards acknowledged that, in handling the watch, she broke the crystal, and, for fear of being reprimanded, she had tied herself up, burned her clothes, and hid the watch, and concocted the story about the things; and proved it by producing the watch from a corner where she had secreted it.

A young lady, in one of the leading circles at Washington, was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress at an evening gathering of friends. She replied: "I am glad you like my dress; it cost just *seven dollars*, and I made every stitch of it myself."

Dr. Harris, a former President of the Columbia College, was in the habit of criticizing, briefly, the compositions of the senior class. One day a candidate for certain honors read a remarkably beautiful essay, to which his classmates listened with rapt attention. So did the President. When the young man had finished, and the momentary hum of applause in the room had ceased, and all were anxiously waiting to hear the criticisms of the President, the old gentleman, in his blandest tones, said, "He who steals his goods can always undersell the fair trader. Let us hear the next."

The editor of an Ohio paper offers his own portrait to subscribers, as an attraction to his paper. He says: "We are not vain of our face—it is a very plain-looking face—that is to say, so much of it as appears above a liberal flow of beard, every thread of which is held sacred from the touch of the razor. But if it will gratify our readers, and they will embark with us for another year in sufficient numbers to justify the expense, we will give them a handsome likeness by the middle of the year."

The Bath *Organ* says that sixteen of the ship carpenters of that city, under the superintendence of Mr. Thos. Lowden, have taken the yard of Wm. M. Rogers & Son, and have commenced to build a brig of 275 to 300 tons. The timber is furnished by one of the Bath merchants, the iron by another, and the workmen hope to realize enough by the sale of the vessel to pay for materials and to remunerate themselves for their labor.

Samuel Wright Minor, probably the oldest printer in Georgia, died recently in Macon. He was born in Queen Anne's County, Md., in the year 1781, and was the son of Col. Wm. Minor, an officer of the Revolutionary War. His first adventure in business was the publication of the Athens *Gazette* in Georgia, and he signalized his paper by presenting the first suggestion of General Jackson as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

The St. Louis *Republican* says that "A young lady, twenty-five years of age, of elegant accomplishments and fascinating qualities of many kinds, arrived in that city a few weeks ago, from Chillicothe, Ohio, on a visit. She had for some time been in the habit of taking small quantities of arsenic, for the purpose of beautifying her complexion, and on Friday last she took an overdose, fell sick, and the day before yesterday she died."

A horrible accident occurred on the Ohio River, about eighteen miles below Cincinnati, on Wednesday, the 27th ult. The boiler of the steamer Fanny Fern, bound from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, exploded, the boat took fire, burnt to the water's edge and sank. Fifteen persons, including Captain Woodward, master, and three ladies, lost their lives, and a still larger number were seriously wounded.

Private advices received by the New Orleans *Picayune* from the city of Mexico to the 18th January, announce the bombardment of the capital by President Comonfort's opponents. A desperate conflict for several days terminated by a truce for twenty-four hours, which was on the point of expiring, when the steamship Tennessee, which brought the news, sailed. Over one hundred lives had already been lost.

Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," is employed in knitting stockings at Sing Sing Prison. On visitors entering the room in which she is engaged at work, she invariably endeavors to turn her face in an opposite direction, as if she were the "observed of all observers." Old age and confinement begin to leave their traces of decay on her once beautiful countenance.

There are but 54 ocean steamers, measuring 94,795 tons, belonging to the United States, whilst Great Britain has 1670, with an aggregate tonnage of 666,330 tons. Twenty-two steamers are engaged in the United States in the foreign and domestic mail service, and 37 engaged in coasting. Great Britain has 121 carrying mails, and 1,548 in coasting.

The people of St. Thomas, C. W., were greatly excited, a few days since, by the discovery that the body of Mrs. Patten, who died on the 30th of December, had been exhumed by the body-snatchers, for anatomical purposes. The body was found in a room used as an Orange Lodge, after it had undergone dissection.

Ex-President Fillmore is to be married on the 11th of February to a Mrs. McIntosh, whose former husband made a fortune in the crockery business in Albany, and was President of the Albany and Schenectady Railroad during the last three years preceding the consolidation.

A cow broke into a house in Toledo, recently, in the absence of the family, and upset the stove, setting the house on fire. The house was burned to the ground, and the cow, being unable to get out, perished in the flames.

It is stated that the highest speed ever made on the ocean was made by the clipper ship Flying Scud, on the voyage to California—460 miles in twenty-four hours—nineteen and one-sixth miles per hour.

A Mormon advertisement reads as follows: "To let—rooms for two gentlemen and four wives, or rooms for one gentleman and six wives."

Forty thousand tons of Swedish iron have been imported into this country for the manufacture of crinoline.

The total mortality of Buffalo for the year 1857 amounted to 2,286.

There are about eight hundred Indians yet living in Massachusetts.

To be goodis to be happy.

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*** All Letters and Communications should be addressed, "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

WANTED.—A young Lady of experience and education wants a situation as TEACHER or ASSISTANT in a Catholic School. The most satisfactory reference will be given. Address T. C. D., TABLET Office, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W., Rhode Island.—The sentiments are admirable but our correspondent must see the inappropriateness of using the name already adopted in prose in another part of the paper.

A Rev. friend writes in reference to a subject noticed in another column: "You have seen the leading article in the *Pilot* of this week. In all your life did you ever see such trash? It is not by —— of course —but the production of some ——. In the room with me are ten or twelve priests who have read it, and laughed at it until they could laugh no more. We think you should not notice it at all, or only in a paragraph of a few lines." Our reasons for dissenting to the extent of four paragraphs from our esteemed friends, are, we think, sufficient to justify a momentary departure from their otherwise excellent and appreciative counsel.

The Irish at the South are not carried away from their principles by the current of fillibusterism about them. Take this as a sample of letters which we receive every week:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Jan. 24th, 1858.

Enclosed you will find five dollars which I wish you to appropriate towards my subscription to the TABLET and to pay balance due the *American Cell*. I have been absent from Va. since last May until recently, and I have only received a few copies of your paper or I would have something to say on its many merits as an Irish American journal. Permit me, however, to congratulate its editor on the just and independent stand that he has taken against fillibusterism in general, and the brigandism of the notorious Walker in particular. I am going to leave this State, together with my family and others, for the west next month (Feb.) When I get settled I hope that the principles of the TABLET will continue to be such that it will merit all the assistance which I can render towards increasing its circulation.

THE SLEIGH BELL.

I.

The eve is clear, and the golden light
Plays on the Winter's robe of white.
Smooth is the road on the dazzling snow,
Lightly the sleighs o'er the deep drifts go:
Ours is a path as wild and free
As a bounding bark's on the stormy sea.
The sleigh-bells chime on the frosty air,
Like the voice of a spirit chanting there,
The joys of the Winter's festive hour,
Though it brings not fruit, nor blooming flower.
Tinkle, tinkle!—the sleigh-bell's chime
Mounts on the wings of the frosty air,
Like the song of a bird of a summer clime,
When the woods are green, and the sky is fair.

II.

Over hill and plain, we swiftly glide,—
O'er the ice-bound river's foaming tide,
And deep in the vale where the dark pine trees
Shelter our path from the biting breeze.
The Eve is fading,—the pall of Night
Closeth the East from our straining sight,
And far in the West, a dying glow
Throws a crimson blush o'er the sea of snow
Then speed us on, for the sun is set:
Through the forest's gloom, we've a long way yet.
Tinkle, tinkle!—the sleigh-bells chime
Rings through the forest vales afar,
And from the dome of heaven's bright clime,
Glimmers the ray of the Evening Star
—*News Era.* DONNACONA.

FRIENDSHIP.

"'Tis pleasant to think, that wherever we rove,
We're sure to find friends, warm-hearted and true,
And tho' we're away from the old ones we love,
Love is ample enough for the old and the new.

As a stream flows away from its home in the hills,
To visit the village, the wood, and the lea,
And takes to its bosom a thousand fresh rills,
But grows in its strength on its course to the sea.

Thus, thus, may the streams of our fortunes run on,
Ever broad'ning and deep'ning, our friends by our side,
And, weak in their singleness, mingled in one,
Flow strong through the waves of adversity's tide.

R. P.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1858.

ALIENS HOLDING AND TRANSFERRING REAL ESTATE.

ONE of the most interesting chapters in the history of Rome is that, during and after the reign of Augustus, in which we see her reaching with timorous hands the privileges of citizenship to the provincial towns. In the census made by Julius Cæsar during his dictatorship, the number of citizens was found to be not more than half what it had been before the Civil War—the constantly going out colonies depleted the number still more—and after the defeat of Varus's three legions it was found necessary to stimulate the multiplication of free citizens by legal enactment, such as the *jus trium liberorum*, which held out, among other inducements, preference in the case of candidates for office, to the one who had the greater number of children, precedence in office, such as the Consulship, a place of distinction at the theatres, and immunity to persons who had three sons born at Rome, four at Italy, and five in the Provinces, from serving various civil and municipal offices which were felt to be a burthen. The promulgation of this law shows the sad straight in which Rome was for people to whom she could trust her own interests in contradistinction to those of her colonies; but even then she thought it necessary to follow their feelings and loyal inclinations rather than to anticipate them. Augustus was extremely cautious, according to Dio, in extending the freedom of the city and recommended the same discretion to Tiberius upon his death-bed. Claudius was notorious for the facility with which he made the Gallic cities participators in the *jus civitatis*, and was on this very account marked out for bitter ridicule by Seneca the philosopher, who may be taken as a fair specimen of the good sense as well as the prejudices of the mass of his countrymen. But at no time—not even in the dotage preceding her fall—did she foster the spirit of incivism by putting a premium on it, or, in other words, allow strangers to hold real estate within her walls, without claiming from them in advance a declaration of intentions, or subjecting them to civil services.

We recall this peculiarity of Roman policy not because we admire Rome's excessive distrust of aliens, but because we consider her caution in reference to the possession of property should be borne in mind when Mr. Mather's Bill, enabling aliens to hold and transfer real estate in New York, comes before our Legislators. It is one thing to leave the paths to citizenship free from obstructions, and a very different thing to give facilities for holding the soil to aliens without requiring them to acknowledge allegiance to the government which protects it.

Mr. Mather's Bill is well designed to mislead the liberal. It is based on the ideas that the ownership of the soil is a sufficient guarantee for the friendliness of the owner; that every acquisition of foreign capital is a contribution to our prosperity; and that, if we require the fealty, or residence in the State of those who would join their fortunes to ours, we evince a distrust which compels them to seek other outlets for their enterprise, and to enrich our competitors in the race for greatness. Specious pleas these, but hollow as an elder tree!

The land is the first of all interests in any well regulated country. From it proceeds political power and its decision ultimately—let panics come when they will—generally decides the tone and texture of our policy. If this policy is to be in consonance with our position—if it is to be American in the right sense—we must first see that the "land interest" is also American. Acting on this axiom the framers of our laws carefully endeavored to eliminate all traces of landlordism, which was sought to be introduced by foreign capitalists in the youth of the State; and whoever would wish to learn the strength of the power which they had to combat, need only read the record of the strife in any standard Law Reports relating to land tenure. Were it not that Equity interposed where Law was forced to recognize "vested rights," New York to-day would have a "cottier system," and the influence now exerted by English merchants in Wall street over our commerce would have also exerted to the votes of our citizens. It may be urged that the state of things to which we refer can never come back again; but if we allow aliens to hold and transfer real estate to aliens, how shall our farmers, say thirty years from this, compete for the possession of the land property of the State with the chartered Corporations of London or Liverpool which can combine the advantage of large capitals and a concentrated system, against the distributed energies of our own individual enterprise? This is a question peculiarly befitting an Irish or Scotchman, and melancholy experience indicates to both an immediate answer. If Americans cannot reply to it at once the reason is, that owing to the law against aliens holding property they have had no Sutherland Estates in their midst, and no substitution of sheep for men like that in favor with my Lord Leitrim. Let this Bill of Mr. Mather pass—let the rules of equity to which we have referred be modified, as they may be, to suit the new enactment—and the farmers of Northern and Western New York, within the time specified, will be as able as we are to speak against it. The reader who will elaborate this paragraph will find a complete answer to the pleas on which Mr. Mather's Bill has found favor with journals like the *Tribune* and *Commercial Advertiser*, when we add, that ownership of the soil, even in the case of residents, is compatible with a hatred and opposition to our institutions; that foreign capital, which brings with it no expenditure of its profits in the country where it produces—as would be the case in this State if Mr. Mather's Bill were passed—would be a clog on our prosperity instead of an assistance; and that, while it would accrete to itself—like an uncultivated lot of waste land from the improved in its vicinity—in the ratio of our enterprise, American farmers, like Irish and Scotch ones, would be merely strengthening, without benefitting from, the worldly wisdom of alien merchants and manufacturers. The student of political economy may interpose the objection that what benefits the foreign capitalist benefits the home merchant and the farmer; but he forgets that there is an ocean between Europe and America—that the larger capitalist pushes the smaller to the wall—and that the only condition on which Mr. Mather's Bill ought to be thought of for a moment—that of residence and the consequent expenditure—is not in its provisions. Viewing the subject in this light, while we are not at all surprised at the tone of the *Commercial Advertiser*, we are astonished at that of the *Tribune*, which claims, and rightly claims, on every other topic, a paramount devotion to Home Industry.

The Buffalo *Courier*, as we learn from the Troy *Budget*, advocates Mr. Mather's Bill on grounds somewhat different from, but essentially the same as those of the *Advertiser* and *Tribune*. It quotes the instance of the Western States which allow aliens after a six months' residence to vote for public officers and to hold land, particularly pointing to Illinois as an evidence of the prosperity which flows from this policy. The *Courier* proves by its illustration the force of the objections which we urge against Mr. Mather's Bill. The laws of Illinois and all the new States contemplate the residence of holders of real estate within their limits, and it is a well known fact that the prosperity of the Western States kept pace, not with the sinking of foreign capital in their soil, but with the drawing forth from that soil of its latent wealth by resident foreigners intending to become citizens. Your land speculators enrich no country—their lives are spent in drawing drafts upon the future labor of the settler, and they differ in this from the merchant or the manufacturer, that, while the former gives employment by importing or exporting his goods, and the latter by making or completing them, the land speculators do neither. Woods in their hands are woods when they leave them; and for every whisky toddy drank in western bar-rooms, or night's debauch spent in eastern cities by these men, the settler's axe has to ring again on the pine or hemlock, and his oxen to grub another stump from the prairie. But look at the Railway Corporations and the good produced by grants of land to them. Aye! look at them, but remember that they do a carrying trade which lifts them out of the category of non-producers, and by equalizing prices, kill to a great extent the system of speculation which begets them. These are two reasons why they escape the remarks which we have urged against the importation of consolidated foreign capital into our real estate, and the expert in such things can discover the remainder. The most important is this. Railroad Corporations act in favor of individual enterprise in the end. Foreign Capital, expended by non-residents in land, never does, but is always against it. To see the effects of the one, look at any of our western lines of communication. To see a perfectly legitimate example of the other, turn to the Hudson's Bay Company. The former finds its interest in the interest of the land owners; the latter finds its in opposition to Canadian interests.

But, granting that it would be judicious—which we deny—to allow non-resident aliens to hold real estate and transfer it in the West, there are a thousand arguments against such a course in New York. A felon on the finger is not so dangerous as a disease of the heart; and what might be proper in the West, might be ruinous in the East. Financially, the State of New York is the centre of our system. Politically, although some may doubt it, we believe it to be the same. Twenty—nay, ten—years ago, Massachusetts influenced our thinking more than any other State of the Union, and with what effect let our recent quarrels on national questions testify. To-day, it is manifestly at war on several points with the public spirit of the nation, and not a few see in its politics the slime of English thought and influence. How far this thought, this influence, is compatible with our financial and political health we shall not argue. True independence is self-made; and if we need either the one or the other it is evident we have not arrived at our majority in the family of nations.

We say English thought and influence, for if Mr. Mather's Bill has any object at all, it is to open the way for Englishmen. Emigrants of every other kind come here, in most cases, to reside and to plant their posterity, in all instances, well disposed towards our peculiar polity. The English alone, as a body, keep aloof from us in undisguised contempt, or badly-hidden hostility. If we be such political lepers as their action indicates, why should they seek to make money out of our natural inheritance, or rather why should we pay them for their contempt by passing a law which can only benefit them? Do we owe them any historical debt? Let Brooklyn Heights, the Wallabout, Buffalo, Crown Point, and Ticonderoga answer!

This reminiscence has no real bearing on this question but it lies so naturally in our way that we cannot avoid it. There are better objections to Mr. Mather's Bill than history offers, and here are a few of them: We have shown that foreign capital sunk in land can have no salutary effect; we now add that it *must* have a disadvantageous result in this State. There are not more than one million of acres unsettled from Long Island to Lake Ontario, or from the New Jersey and Pennsylvania lines to those of Connecticut and Vermont. Of these not more than thirty or forty thousand, besides those used for State purposes, are at present out of American hands, by birth or adoption. With a population in the State bordering on three millions, this unsettled land must be turned into homesteads within a few years. By opening new channels for competition between owners and future settlers, we play into the hands of the former to the detriment of the latter. In increasing by law

the number of speculators, we increase in effect their necessary profits, and in consequence put new weights on the back of the coming husbandman, who must have land, and pay for the living of those who go between him and it. This is natural, you say. Of course it is, but why should we aggravate by statute an evil which it is the whole disposition of our republican system to battle against? If you pass from this particular instance of the bad effects which would follow Mr. Mather's Bill, you will only get meshed in still more important ones. What is true of the unsettled lands is true, but in a greater degree, of all real property into which foreign capital might find its way; and the question resolves itself into this: should we seek to attract capital which increases in proportion as native capital is kept back? or should we rather endeavor to develope our own wealth and industry by keeping out of the field arable, alien rivals? Here again the student of political economy may interpose the objection noticed in another place, and for the sake of perspicuity we answer it again. We are writing of the possession of, and property in, real estate. Commerce, in the common acceptation, is not influenced by anything we have written. To foreign capital engaged in manufacture and the like we have no objection. But foreign capital in America will not be used in manufacture. Labor is too high for it to be so profitable in that department of enterprise here as in Europe; and it is therefore useless to suppose good will accrue from it, when, like a sponge, it can only suck sustenance and, to use a common but absurd phrase, impart nothing. Capital in land has no life, no circulation. It lies there until somebody makes it valuable, and then it draws to itself a portion of the profits.

Pass this Bill of Mr. Mather in its present shape and you introduce the English custom of entailment, with all its anti-republican incongruities. Pass it, and you throw open the door through which a thousand anomalies may enter to disturb and render still more troublesome to the judiciary the land tenure of the State. Not Sugden himself could relieve them from the subsequent embarrassments.

In the preceding remarks we have aimed at evoking rather than anticipating criticism; and one of our objects is to recall the *Tribune* to consistency. Another is, to get Mr. Mather's Bill a thorough airing through the press, the better to prevent its sudden and inconsiderate passage. If we succeed in either we shall consider our space well spent, and return with more relish to the subject.

THE ALMS COMMITTEE OF JERSEY CITY AND OURSELVES.

We clip the following editorial paragraph and note from the Jersey city *Courier and Advertiser* of the 26th and 27th ult.:

Libel Suit in Prospective.—We understand that the majority of the committee on Alms have taken legal advice with regard to the propriety of commencing a suit against Mr. Killian, the writer of the communications in reference to the Alms House frauds. From good authority we are advised that Mr. K. is perfectly willing to defend himself against such a suit, when he will have an opportunity of bringing proof to substantiate every assertion in that connection which he has made through our columns. We are of opinion that the lawyers would be the only gainers in such an action. However, let them begin it; the public need some kind of excitement, and a libel suit is not an every day affair.

Messrs. Editors:—Your paper of yesterday, received a few moments since, informs me that "the majority of the Alms Committee have taken legal advice with regard to the propriety of commencing legal proceedings against Mr. Killian, and that Mr. K. is perfectly willing to defend himself against such a suit, when he will have an opportunity to substantiate every assertion made in our columns." I take your word for the first part of this sentence, and I pledge myself to redeem your promise in the second. I do so the more readily, because I will have privileges in a court of justice which I have not taken, and could not take, advantage of in your columns, without subjecting you or myself needlessly to a legal proceeding; and while I challenge the legal talent of New Jersey to discover a sound basis for a suit of libel in anything I have heretofore written, I at the same time challenge "the majority of the Alms Committee" to carry out their threat. Its prosecution can only result in a thorough canvass of the characters who may have the hardihood to place their early lives under scrutiny, and in showing that venders of obscene literature, or persons detected in involving a whole community, without the least shadow of authority, in debts which an empty treasury proves they have no ability to meet, are among the worst evils of a decent City's government.

It may be apt to add, that, if "the majority of the Alms Committee" mean Aldermen Erwin and Kashow, I have used neither's name in any letters or otherwise; and that, in every instance where the former appears, it is prefatory to remarks of his own, showing that he believed himself to be the party alluded to by common rumor.

By all means, then, let us have the libel suit. It will afford me the chance of seeing the warp and woof of good and ill which go to make up the characters of some of our Aldermen, and perhaps teach me the great enigma which puzzled Moliere's *Alceste*,—"how far human wickedness can go."

B. D. Killian.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that "the prospective libel suit" is a purely personal matter, and in no way connected with any remarks made in the Tablet on the Government of the Alms House. It is the last resort of the majority of a Committee which has been, since its appointment, not only inimical to the poor Catholic paupers, compelled to resort to State Charity, but also to the monetary interest of the community which is forced to pay for its extravagance. We have no fears on the result of the issue. A much greater latitude of expression than we have used is always conceded to those who assail the official acts of the people's servants; and when we have the press and all the right-minded citizens, Protestant and Catholic, of the neighboring city on our side, we may well treat this last effort of the Committee to prevent investigation, as an incentive to greater exertion in exposing them.

For some cause, which we hope the Committee appointed at our suggestion to audit the Alms House accounts will explain, no report has yet been presented to the Common Council. If they wish to gain time and "whitewash" the Alms Committee when the public interest shall have abated, they are grossly mistaken. No safe course is open to them but a straightforward one, and if they take any other, they may expect the same odium which has fallen upon their *confreres* in the Common Council.

FEMALE EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.

We appreciate the spirit of our correspondent in last week's issue on the subject of Irish Female Emigration to the West. His fears are not groundless. We have letters in our possession from girls brought to the west by the Aid Society, several of whom distinctly complain of the manner in which their comrades were distributed to strangers in town and country, whose characters were not enquired into, and whose capacity for giving their "help" due comfort and prompt payment was not known to, or sought to be learned by, the Aid Society.

For this evil there is one quick, accessible remedy. The Society to which Mr. Vere Foster is attached provides homes for Irish girls under the direction of the pastor of the place before taking them from the city; and when it leaves them with new found masters and mistresses, its place of guardianship is filled by the resident Catholic priest. Its address is, we believe, the "Woman's Protective Employment Society, Canal street."

Special Notice.—The Members of the Young Men's Association are particularly requested to attend a Special Meeting of the Members, to be held at Mr. O'Keeffe's, at half past 7 o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, the 4th of February, for the final closing of business connected with the recent ball.

A DISAGREEABLE DUTY.

The Boston *Pilot*, in an article entitled "Sponging a Tablet," replies to the charge of Mr. McGee in reference to "playing into the hands of the Canadian Orangemen," by referring to everything *except the imputation on its integrity of principle*. We have no business dislikes to gratify; and we only notice its personalities to set ourselves right with the conductor of *Brownson's Review*.

The *Pilot* accuses us of using "facts, and in some instances whole sentences," in a recent issue, without crediting them to the Quarterly from which they were taken. By turning to the Tablet of the 16th ult. it will be seen that we called particular attention to these "facts and sentences" in our notice of the *Review*, thus showing that we were quite willing to give that publication credit for reproducing them; and if we neglected to reiterate our acknowledgment the following week, we were careful to give the name of the author to whom both the *Review* and we were indebted for them. The sentences in which Mr. Kay's facts were encased are as statistical as the facts themselves; and unless we be compelled to put the name of the inventor and improvers of Algebra in brackets, every time we use the algebraic signs × and =, there is no rule by which we might have been obliged to quote the inevitable deductions from Mr. Kay's researches. On the matter of the "four millions of home heathens" in England we prefer the authority of Lord Grey, quoted in one of Dr. Cahill's letters, to that of some "Mr. Bruce," who is reported to have said in "a conventicle" what the former enunciated from his seat in "the Lords."

We might rest here, for few readers are so foolish as to concede an exclusive property in facts, and no Catholic can call in question the propriety of iterating useful statistics; but the *Pilot* is the last paper in the world which should write on plagiarism. In the very number before us it steals at least two columns of inferences and opinions from a Dublin journal without acknowledging the theft. Those who will read over its files will see abundant evidence of the same wholesale piracy.

The *Pilot* says we "are grateful for the part of Mr. McGee's letter" which refers to us. If our gratitude were measured by this part, which is confined to three words, it would be small indeed. Happily, it has a broader basis. The friendship of Mr. McGee is justly esteemed by the Hierarchy and priesthood; and if this consideration alone is sufficient to impart value to it, it is still more enhanced by the fact that, after an acquaintance with him dating from our early 'teens, we possess the confidence of one who says, from intimate knowledge, of our censor: "The man never had any principle other than Iago's—'put money in thy purse.'"

We have done with the *Pilot* for the future. In the article referred to, "Sponging a Tablet," it has placed itself outside of the circle of respectable journals and we leave it there, merely adding, by way of "finis," that the "sponge" used to so little advantage on us, may do good service in its own mouth.

REMITTING MONEY TO IRELAND.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tablet.

Dear Sir:—Rumor has it that there is danger in buying drafts from one or two Houses in New York, or from their agents in the country. A Mrs. Gaffney has received a letter from Carrick-on-Shannon which states that of thirteen drafts received there lately, only one was paid. The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, and the House of Thompson & Nephew, are not at all, of course, suspected.

J. Kelly, Pastor of St. Peter's.

Jersey City, Feb. 1, 1853.

We ask our readers to circulate this note for the protection of those intending to send money to Ireland, and we respectfully invite the immediate attention of Shipping Houses, advertising in our columns, to its contents.—Ed. N. Y. Tablet.

THE CASE OF VAUGHAN.

It is within the recollection of our readers that some weeks ago, a man named Patrick Vaughan died in this city, from injuries alleged to have been received at the hands of three of the police force. The policemen were arrested, and a searching examination before Justice Connolly, occupying sixteen days, was concluded on Thursday, 28th ult. We have not learned the decision of the Justice, but we are informed that should he decide to commit the accused parties, the case will go up to the Supreme Court on a writ of *certiorari*. General Nye, one of the Police Commissioners, has been employed with Mr. Sevier, as counsel for the policemen; John M. Harrington, Esq., and Mr. Spencer, for the people. Mr. Harrington's knowledge of criminal law, and untiring energy of character are so well known, that the friends of the deceased, and the public may feel assured that full justice will be meted out.

Edward H. Dixon of "The Scalpel" on his own Biography.—The January number of the *Scalpel* contains an article *apropos* of that published in our pages in November last, deducing the nationality of the editor, Dr. Dixon, from an ignorant essay in the *Scalpel* of October. The Dr. badly conceals his chagrin at our deductive faculties, and draws discredit, as far as one man can, on the medical profession by placing prejudice against "Popery" first on his bills of treatment. Will any friend inform us where the Dr. got his diploma?

Lecture on the Spanish Inquisition.—The Rev. James Callan, of Newark, repeated his lecture on this subject, in Jersey City, on the 24th ult. A large audience and a handsome amount of money raised for the poor testified to his merited reputation. The Conference of St. Vincent de Paul received over $220. The lecture has been published, and may be had at the bookstore of Messrs. Sadlier & Co.

Canandaigua, N. Y.—We learn from the *Ontario Repository* that the Rev. E. O'Connor is now pastor of Geneva, N. Y., and is succeeded in Canandaigua by the Rev. John McMullen, formerly of St. Bridget's Church, Buffalo. Correspondents of the former Rev. gentleman will note the change.

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly.—The February number of this publication contains several papers of average merit. The intelligence of its conductors is, however, put in doubt by the appearance of Everett's apostrophe to Galileo, and their candor placed in question, by the apology offered in the first article for the treatment of the inoffensive Arcadians. *Per contra*—we thank them for the just compliment paid to the saintly Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, and afterwards Cardinal of Bourdeaux.

The "Musical World."—We are glad to perceive that our excellent and much needed cotemporary, the *Musical World*, is daily becoming more and more appreciated. It is issued weekly, with several new and approved pieces of music in each number, which are so arranged as to be easily detached from the other pages. The *World* has entered on its nineteenth volume, and its proprietors are determined to render its pages both instructive and acceptable. The publication office is 379 Broadway.

The *Metropolitan* for February, under the new management, is far in advance of its predecessors in general attractiveness. A host of new subscribers to it is the best wish which we can offer for its prosperity.

"*Probitas*" is informed that anonymous communications are put in our waste basket, and that radical rhodomontade, such as his, if it had twenty signatures at the end, would reach the same goal. Come down from your general terms, man, and talk sense!

AN HOUR WITH TWO FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

CORNEILLE.

Peter Corneille was born at Rouen in 1606; and after studying with the Jesuits of that city, he turned his thoughts to the law, without any suspicion of the talent which was to render him immortal. It was a curious fact, that love first revealed to Corneille his genius; and he may be called ungrateful, inasmuch as he left to Racine, almost exclusively, the part of bringing this passion on the stage. One of his young friends, who greatly admired a young lady of the same city, took him to see her. The new comer rendered himself more agreeable than the introducer. The pleasure of this adventure led him to discover in himself a talent whose existence he had not even suspected. And on this trifling subject, he wrote the comedy of Melita, or the false letters. This piece was undoubtedly superior to any which had previously appeared; but it did not avoid all the faults of the time. Thus he speaks of hearts which placed themselves at the window, in order to see the object by which they were smitten.

After having written six other pieces, which have nothing very remarkable in them, Corneille revealed the nature of his talent, in the great subject of Medea. The eminently tragic history of this woman, who neglects nothing to obtain the love of her husband, and who, when she has done all, sees herself abandoned by him, particularly suited the genius of Corneille. His talent, however, was not yet matured; and after having produced this remarkable piece, he wrote others which were but little valued.

Corneille had again to try his wings in order to raise himself to that height where it is difficult to follow him, and where he could not sustain himself long. In order the better to comprehend his manly and generous talent, we follow our author into private life, when he was preparing to give us his masterpieces. He lived, at this period in the society of Rotrou, a dramatic author, whom he always venerated as his father. It is well to recall here a trait in Rotrou's character, which, no doubt, had a great influence on Corneille. The exercise of his duties as bailiff at Dreux, to which he devoted himself, had prevented his acceptance of a seat in the Academy. An epidemic of great malignity suddenly appeared in that city, and thirty persons died in a day. The most distinguished inhabitants fled from the town. Rotrou had a brother in Paris, who wrote to him, entreating that he would quit Dreux, and come to him at Paris. The mayor of the city was dead, and the Lieutenant-General was absent; so that the duty of watching over the interests of his fellow-citizens devolved upon the poet; and he would not desert his post. Cowardice was not in his thoughts. Impressed with a sense of his duties, he wrote to his brother, that his presence was necessary to his country; and that he would remain while he could be useful. His letter ended with these admirable words: "It is not because the peril in which I am, is not great; for, at this moment, while I am writing to you, the bell is tolling for the twenty-second death to-day. This shall be done for me when it shall please God." Soon after, the bell did indeed toll for him.

It is, undoubtedly, a great privilege, for a dramatic poet to live on terms of intimacy with men of such sentiments. It is thus he comes to know great and generous characters; and imbibes an enthusiasm for noble actions and magnanimous spirits. We shall see that Corneille knew how to profit from these lessons. He excels every other writer in showing us all that is noble and sublime in virtue. No one knows better than he, how to awaken an interest in his personages, whom he always compels us to admire. We well know that he is criticized for bringing into the scene, heroes who are greater than nature produces. And it is not uncommon to hear persons say, that they have never, in their intercourse with the world, met with men, of such beautiful sentiments, as he gives to his characters. The remark is unhappily too true; but we have seen that Corneille was more fortunate; and we must not be too ready to accuse him of sacrificing to the ideal, when we find his personages professing the generosity and greatness of soul, of which he had seen the model in his friend Rotrou, and in a small number of men who are becoming more and more rare in our age, which has too much sense to believe in such virtues.

The greater part of Corneille's subjects were taken from Roman history. And he has been eminently successful in portraying that strength of character and courage, which the name of Roman citizen recalls to the minds of those who are conversant with ancient history. Never have the somewhat barbarous virtues of this kingly people been represented on the stage with more grandeur, fidelity, or success. But Corneille was a Christian as we perceive by the sentiments he puts in the mouths of his Pagan heroes. He wishes, for once, to express his sentiments more at ease; and for that purpose, chose a legend of martyrology. "Polyeucte lived in the year 250, under the Emperor Decius. He was an Armenian, a friend of Nearchus, and son-in-law of Felix, who had a commission from the Emperor to execute his edicts against the Christians. Having been led by this friend to become a Christian, he tore in pieces the Emperor's edicts against the Church; [illegible] the idols from those who were holding [illegible] to be worshipped; dashed them in pieces on the ground; resisted the tears of his wife Pauline, whom Felix had engaged him to reclaim to Paganism; and at length perished by the order of his father-in-law, with no other baptism than that of blood."

It is on these traditional data, treated with poetical license, that Corneille has raised an imperishable monument to his genius. The first to discover the merit of Polyeucte, was Fontenelle, that sympathizing critic, whose tribute to the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* was: "*this book is the most beautiful which has ever come from the hand of man; since the Gospels came not from man.*" Seeing Corneille undecided as to which of his pieces he would give the preference, Fontenelle removed *Cinna* and *Rodogune*, which held the mind of the poet in suspense, and boldly declared Polyeucte the most beautiful of his productions. On the authority of the poet, it is the most regular, and the one in which the proprieties of the theatre are the most carefully observed.

In taking his subject from this heroic epoch of the Christian era, Corneille is perfectly at his ease. He can give us the pious zeal and the ideal of Christian heroism, with what is ridiculous in the eyes of worldly wisdom; and yet, no one can reproach him with having departed from historical truth. And more particularly in this piece than in his others, Corneille has abstained from introducing imaginary heroes. These personages are true, though of another age. The poet does not invent; he resuscitates. And it is not surprising that these heroes of the faith can no longer be recognized by these generations, who have singularly lost their traditions, but preserved their names.

RACINE.

The question of superiority between Racine and Corneille, though constantly discussed, still remains unanswered; nor shall we attempt to settle it, but shall merely state the peculiar qualities of each, that readers may form a judgment for themselves.

We are already acquainted with Corneille. Those who remember the beautiful scenes of the Cid; and above all the Horatii, will know how this great man excels in painting character; and especially in exhibiting its magnanimous, great, and generous qualities. Corneille was the poet of the heroic epoch, for his infancy bordered upon the period of the civil wars. Racine, who appeared later, was the poet of a court, the most elegant and refined of its time. They were both the poets of their age; but their poems were necessarily different, Corneille treating principally of virtue, honor, and glory, while Racine made love most prominent at the theatre.

Boileau says:

"From stage and novel soon the strains of love
All other sentiments and themes remove.
Who can the magic lore of love impart,
Obtains the surest access to the heart."

We can agree with Boileau, that in the drama—

"Love gives the surest passport to the heart."

But it is very certain, that treating exclusively of this passion is not the only means of producing dramatic effect. It is to be regretted that Racine has so little variety, his pieces moving the audience by appealing always to the same sentiments. However vivid these impressions may be, yet, by their frequent recurrence, it will be extremely difficult to prevent the sensibilities from becoming blunted.

Even in his own time, his motive in constantly choosing the same subjects was a matter of speculation; and a contemporary wrote that "we are indebted to his conjugal tenderness, for all the beautiful sentiments of love which abound in his tragedies; because when he had such sentiments to express, he would go and spend an hour in his wife's apartment, and then, with his heart full of her image, he would return to his study to make verses."

This romantic explanation has the fault of being a great anachronism, for all the pieces of Racine, in which love plays a principal part, were composed *before* his marriage. As has been well said by Racine the son, his father, although born with a tender heart, was not the slave of love; which, on account of this tenderness, he regarded as still more dangerous for him than for others. Besides, it is he who says.—

"We do not love unless we wish to love."

While, on the contrary, this other verse,—

"Love is a tyrant that no mortal spares."

is from Corneille.

He appears, then, to have been led to choose his subjects by the necessity of following a different course from Corneille, and by the desire of pleasing his contemporaries.

We shall cite but two opinions on Racine and Corneille.

Voltaire esteemed the former the first of all French poets, and the only one who could bear the test of constant reading. He even spoke on the subject with such enthusiasm, that a literary man asked him, why he had not made a commentary on Racine, as well as on Corneille. "It is already done," replied Voltaire; "you have only to write at the bottom of each page, beautiful, pathetic, harmonious, sublime.

While conceding to Voltaire, that Racine is beautiful, pathetic, harmonious, and sublime, we can still contest his superiority. He was undoubtedly the greatest poet, but not the first *dramatic* poet. For harmony, exuberance, and clearness of style, and elegance of expression, Racine had no predecessor, as he remains without a competitor. But Corneille, by the vigor of his style, the variety of his dramatic positions, and the sublimity into which he so well knows how to rise, fully redeems his faults of diction, his carelessness, and his obsolete expressions; which should not surprise us, when we remember that he found art in its infancy, and had for his models only the pieces of the middle age. We have also the opinion of a very competent person, who takes the part of Corneille, as warmly as Voltaire does that of Racine. Madame de Seveigne, in speaking to her daughter of Racine's tragedy, Bajazet, says: "This personage is cold; the manners of the Turks are not well described; the conclusion is not happy; we cannot understand the reason of this great carnage. There are agreeable things in it, however; but not absolutely beautiful, nothing like those rich passages which characterize Corneille. My daughter, let us beware of comparing him with Racine; yet let us always realize the difference between them. Long live our old friend Corneille! Let us pardon his bad verses, in consideration of the admirable and sublime beauties which transport us; they are the touches of an inimitable master. In a word, that is good taste; let us stand to that."

Jean Racine was born in 1639, at La Ferte-Milon; and brought up in the monastery of Port Royal, a religious house, and the stronghold of Jansenism. Having learned the Greek at Port Royal, he was thus led to admire Euripides, Sophocles, and Homer. From the age of seventeen he was versed in Italian and Spanish literature. Seized by the spirit of poetry, he commenced by writing bad verses in Latin, and middling ones in French. The Greek romance of the loves of Theagene and Charicles, having fallen into his hands, he read them with the greatest interest. His master took two copies away from him; after which he learned the work by heart, and then carried the third copy to him, saying, "You may burn this as you did the others."

His first remarkable efforts go back as far as the year 1660. On the occasion of the King's marriage, he wrote an ode, entitled *The Nymphs of the Seine*, which procured him a pension, and a hundred louis as a gratuity. This happened very opportunely for Racine, who was not rich, and was even in debt. Poetry, however, did not completely absorb him; for he continued, ostensibly, his studies in theology and law. It was only by degrees that his poetic genius manifested itself. His first tragic essay, *La Thebaide, or The Hostile Brothers*, procured him encouragement from Moliere, who aided him even with his purse. This piece betrayed the writer, rather than the dramatic author. The tragedy of *Alexander*, which appeared afterward, has still more of the faults of the time. The son of Philip finds himself transformed into a very sweet *little marquis;* who makes his compliments to the beautiful ladies of the court of Louis XIV. Corneille having read this piece, said to Racine, that he had a great talent for poetry, but none for tragedy. Happily he did not confine himself to this false style; his friend Boileau brought him back to what was simple and natural, and taught him the great "art of writing with difficulty easy verses." Nevertheless, the *Andromachus* soon after appeared, to refute the judgment pronounced by Corneille. Racine surpassed all his former efforts in *Britannicus*, which is also a masterpiece.

Phedra was the last of the tragedies of Racine, that he has himself styled *profane*. After having composed it, although in the prime of life, he decidedly renounced the theatre. This resolution was owing to the revival of those Christian sentiments in his heart, by which he had always been more or less influenced. This great man, all of whose writings have an irreproachable purity, declared that the authors of theatrical pieces were public corruptors; and he was aware that he was, perhaps, the most dangerous of these poisoners. He resolved to write no more verses, and to impose on himself a rigorous penitence, as a punishment for those he had already written. His compunction was even so great as to inspire him with the design of becoming a monk, but his confessor counselled him to marry

The great poet was not ashamed to become a good father and husband, like common mortals; and if he had not romantic adventures, he had a durable happiness, which he knew how to appreciate. He soon found himself so happy in the bosom of his family, that he renounced for ever the pleasures of the court and the invitations of the great. When business called him from the domestic hearth, he sighed for the moment when he should see his wife and children; and when he was again seated at table with them, he would say, that such good cheer was not to be found at the tables of the great.

Racine's great fear was to have a son who would wish to write tragedies, and so careful was he to guard him against forming a taste for poetry, that he never talked to him on this subject. The wife of Racine knew nothing of his tragedies, either by representation or reading, and only learned their titles in conversation. This indifference was, no doubt, carried too far. But if we remember that Racine was naturally a very vain man, we shall see in all this the beautiful proof of a new life and a sincere Christian spirit.

Racine discharged to the end all the duties of the father of a Christian family. Thus, he assembled around him every evening his children and servants, while he conducted their domestic worship. To prayer, he added the reading of the gospel for the day, which he often explained by a short exhortation, adapted to the capacity of his hearers, delivered with the earnestness which characterized all he said. The reading of a psalm would produce a sort of enthusiasm in him, when he would on the spot make such a paraphrase of it as would carry away his hearers, while unveiling its beauty to them.

The Royal Academy of Stockholm, says a letter from that city, has just awarded a prize to Prince Oscar, the author of a poem on the Swedish fleet.

THE BATTLE OF BEALA-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.

They come, they come, the Saxon horde,
Before the dawn of day—
From Armagh to the hills of Grange
They make a grand display—
To see them march you'd think the land
They tread is all their own—
To hear their words, you'd think their foes
Were beaten and o'erthrown.

With idle pride the Marshal cries,
"Sons of St. George push on,
Before your might their pride will yield,
And honors high be won.
On many a French and Flemish field
You've made the foe to quail,
What then's to you the Gallowglass,
Or kern of O'Neil?"

Thus spoke Sir Henry Bagenal
To Britain's flower and pride—
Those haughty bronzed-faced veterans
In Flemish blood bedyed;
He little thought that Irish clans
Could make his forces reel,
Or Irish might was stronger than
An English coat of steel!

But hark! that crash from yonder woods—
The storm's about to burst—
The leading ranks of Britain's host
Begin to bite the dust—
Crash after crash of galling fire
Their staggering lines assail—
Soon horse and foot to Hades are hurled
By wily Chief O'Neil!

The Irish *clairseach* sounds the charge,
Leambh dherg aboo, they cry;
And hands as red are on their swords
As that that floats on high;
The Saxon's pride is cowardice now
Their tattered banners fade—
They stagger, rally, break and fly
Defeated and dismayed! Mc.

January 24th.

American and Foreign Christian Union Magazine. January, 1858.

There are many sorts of roguery, but that practised under the garb of piety, and at the expense of the well-meaning, is the most despicable. The barefaced thief who garrotes you to demand without further words your "money or your life," has something of the hero in him, for he risks his person in assailing you, without using mean subterfuges in arriving at his object; and even the river sneak who drops a pocket-book, filled with counterfeit bills at your feet, to sell it for a small sum because he has "to leave immediately on the next train for the West," never does so in "the name of God," or for "the safety of the country."

Not so with the Protestant philanthropists engaged in converting "the Romanists," as the "Christian Union Magazine" proves. Its conductors appear to have no other purpose than to make dupes. In two years they have not given one authenticated conversion procured by their means, either in the home or foreign mission; and yet they continue to appeal for aid in doing nothing, taking God's name in vain, and mumbling "evangelical" catch-words to extract funds from the pockets of their subscribers.

We cannot criticize a serial published under these auspices with the equanimity which befits our columns, and we prefer repeating what we have already said. *In two years it has not given one authenticated conversion*, and we challenge its writers to contradict us.

OBITUARY.

Lansingburgh, N. Y., Jan. 28, '58.

B. D. Killian, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, one of your best subscribers in this village, which occurred on the 19th of this month. Mr. O'Connor was a native of the county of Wexford, Ireland, and, at the time of his death, 31 years of age. He was a man held in high estimation for his honesty and uprightness by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and, as our good pastor remarked, "he was an affectionate father, a kind brother, a dutiful citizen, and a good Catholic."

Mr. O'Connor will be long remembered by the members of the late "Library Association," of which he was an active member. How often have they listened to him during their meetings advocating in his own humble way, with true zeal, the cause of religion and morality! It was at those meetings that the writer first made his acquaintance, and the pleasure derived then has been more enhanced by the many *souvenirs* of a subsequent friendship.

Mr. O'Connor leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss. May God comfort them in their bereavement, and may his soul rest in peace! C——.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

MURKERTACH'S CIRCUIT OF IRELAND.

A. D. 939.

Murkertach, liberated by his brave chiefs from the cruel captivity of which he had happily experienced but a foretaste, thought it high time to make a public manifestation of his power in order to frighten the Danes from undertaking such enterprises for the time to come. He thought he had already given them sufficient reason to fear his powers, but finding that they had carried their audacity so far as to "beard the lion in his den," he determined to visit every one of their chief strongholds in person and exact hostages from each as a guarantee for their future good behavior.

Having made up his mind on what he would do, he sent messengers all over Ulster to gather in the Cinel-Connell and the Cinel-Eogain with all their tributary clans. The hill of Aileach was appointed for the rendezvous, and after Murkertach had hospitably entertained the multitude, he proceeded to choose from amongst them just twelve hundred of the warriors. Amongst these were the flower of the northern nobility, men whose names were each a word of terror to the Danes, and when Murkertach reviewed his little force in front of the palace-gates, he smiled as he said within himself:

"No such band of warriors has trod the soil of Ireland since the days of Fionn and his Fenians! The light of their eyes and the glitter of their spears will dazzle the Black Gentiles!"

Having made his selection, the prince dismissed the disappointed thousands to their homes, telling them to keep up their hearts, for that their turn would soon come.

"If this move will not keep the Danes quiet," said he, "I will raise all Ulster from Oriel to Innis-owen and extirpate the vipers at one blow, with the help of God, St. Patrick and St. Columbkille!" Thus encouraged, the clans returned to their homes in peace.

Murkertach set out on his tour with his twelve hundred chosen heroes. Mounted on superb chargers this noble company made a circuit of the island, "keeping the sea on their left hand until they arrived at Ath Cleath," now now beautiful metropolis of Ireland.

On reaching the gates of Dublin, Murkertach ordered the trumpets to sound a loud blast, apprising the Danes of his presence. The Northmen had but recently returned to the city, and all within the walls was bustle and confusion when the dreaded Roydamna made his appearonce without. Before any answer was given to his imperious summons, his force was reconnoitered from within. At first glance it appeared insignificant, but on a closer inspection its true character was clearly manifest to the practised eyes of the Danish commanders, and it was reported to Blacar, the king, that he might as well comply with Murkertach's demands such as they were, for that all the gods of the Valhalla would not conquer those northern heroes, with Murkertach of the leather cloaks at their head. Blacar himself was of the same opinion, having often been a witness of the Roydamna's prowess.

"It is best to get rid of him quietly," said he, "lest perchance we might fare worse, if we provoke him to anger."

Various officers of distinction were then offered in succession as hostages, but Murkertach insisted on having a prince of the royal blood, and, at length, after much parley, Sitric, the cousin-german of the king, was given up, the tribute required duly paid, and then Murkertach resumed his triumphant march. Leaving the city far behind he proceeded on and on, across the fertile plains of Dublin, and through the wildly beautiful glens of Wicklow, to where Lorcan, the Lagenian king, was then residing. The terror of his name flew before him like wildfire; the Leinster forces retreated before him, and at some distance from the royal dwelling, the illustrious Roydamna was met by a deputation from the king, desiring to know the purport of his visit.

"I demand tribute from your king, and himself as a hostage."

"Gracious prince!" replied the amazed ambassador, "will no other content you? It is hard to ask us to give up our king!"

"It is no harder than you deserve," said the prince sternly; "your king is the friend of the Black Gentiles—your people have fought their battles—you have helped them to shed the blood of the men of Uladh—you are worse enemies than the Galls—I cannot trust your king, and must have him for a hostage. Bring him here within the hour, or mark what will follow. Go, tell Lorcan what I say—he knows Murkertach!"

Whilst the messenger was gone, Murkertach motioned to Sitric to approach him where he stood leaning against an immense upright stone. It was one of the supporting stones of an ancient Cromleach or Druid's altar, so frequently found in Ireland.

"Sitric!" said the Roydamna with a melancholy smile, "do you know what these stones mean?"

The Dane cast a sullen glance over the huge pile. "Yes—that must have been an altar. I have seen such monuments in many parts of Ireland!"

"Sitric! there is a voice in every stone of these," said Murkertach in the same deep earnest tone, "you cannot hear it, but I can."

"What does it say?" inquired the superstitious Northman with more interest than he had yet manifested.

"It says," replied the prince, "that our pagan fathers raised these altars and worshipped before them while the world was still young, many hundreds of years ago—and it says that we, their children, have the best right to the land and the fatness thereof. It says that we must fight for it to our last breath!"

"That is not strange" cried the Dane quickly, "if I were an Irishman, Roydamna, I would hear the same voice and the same words from these old gray stones—but you see all you Irish are not of the same mind, now here is Lorcan—do you think he hears these oracles speak!"

"He never consults them," said Murkertach bitterly, "they have no voice for such as he!"

Sitric had been much surprised by Murkertach's bold demand, and secretly hoped that the Lagenians would resent and resist so insulting a proposal; great then was his mortification when after a little while he saw Lorcan approaching equipped in cloak and barradh as for a journey, and attended by some half a score of his nobles.

"It is well, Lorcan," said the Roydamna with a grim smile, "I see you are a sensible man. Here is a friend of yours—Sitric the Dane—take your place beside him and let us go on our way."

The nobles who accompanied Lorcan would have remonstrated, offering to go themselves—all ten of them—in lieu of their king. But Murkertach was inflexible, and Lorcan, too proud to sue, took his appointed place in the cavalcade, exchanging a dogged glance with Sitric, whose brow was dark as midnight.

"Murkertach!" cried one of the Leinster chieftains—the fiery O'Toole—as he turned his rein to retrace his way towards his mountain-fortress, "Murkertach Mac Neill! there will come a day of reckoning for all this!

"Let it come!" was the cold reply, "we have had days of reckoning before now, Murtogh O'Toole!—keep clear of the Danes—if you would keep that proud head on your shoulders that is my parting advice!"

"Proffered advice is seldom taken!" replied the O'Toole, whose pride could not brook the humiliation thus inflicted on his whole province.

"You may think of my words, Murtough," said the Roydamna, "when it is too late!" So saying, he gave the word to march, and fell back to join his two captives whom he found too sullen to converse as his generous heart would have desired. Observing certain significant glances passing between the two, Murkertach caused them both to be fettered, lest perchance they might think of making their escape.

On and on went Murkertach with his superb train, stopping by night at the houses of the respective beataghs, and occasionally receiving the hospitality of friendly chiefs or princes all along the way, through the present counties of Carlow and Kilkenny, till crossing the ancient boundary line—between Leinster and Munster—he entered the district now known as Tipperary. Here Murkertach found some of his warriors hesitate.

"It is ill meddling," said they, with Callachan—Cashel—think twice, Murkertach, before you burn your fingers with his coals."

"If any man among you is so faint-hearted as to fear Callachan," said the prince, "let him go out from us in God's name."

"We fear not for ourselves, Roydamna, but for you—our country's shield!"

"On, then, cried the gallant prince, pointing his spear towards the distant Rock of Cashel, "yonder lies Cashel of the Kings—let us see how it fares with its unworthy lord! God is with us! who shall fear?

—In our next, MURKERTACH AND CALLACHAN FACETO FACE.

THE KOH I NOOR FATALITY.

Few people in England know the pedigree of the Koh i noor, fewer still the superstition concerning it which exists in India—namely, that the race, the dynasty, or the individual who possesses it will infallibly come to destruction. This belief is founded on a curious chain of historic coincidences of which we will give a slight sketch. When or where the Koh i noor was originally discovered no one knows. The first record of its existence is in the seventeenth century, when Meer Jomlab, who himself had torn it from a native Hindoo prince, presented it to Aurungzebe, the Emperor of Hindostan. With the diamond, say the Indians, came the curse on the Emperor's house—a curse which, passing over himself, fell on his descendants with irresistible force; but not a crowned head of his whole race after him possessed either manliness or common sense. The empire which he had built up and consolidated with so much genius and power, at his death crumbled to pieces; and when Nadir Shah, the "tyrant robber" of Persia, invaded Hindostan, he found but the name of past greatness between him and the imbecility, effeminacy, and disorganization of its then rulers. Nadir Shah's every step was a conquest; and in the year 1739 Mohamed Shah's last act of independent royalty was played out; the Persian took Delhi by storm, committing excesses to which history has no parallel; and after a month's terrible occupation, retired with his slaves and his plunder, among which was the famous Koh i noor. On his way back to Persia, Nadir Shah was assassinated by his own chiefs in one of the passes of the Cabul mountains, and his ill-gotten wealth, bloodstained as it was, "looted" among men as fierce and as lawless as himself. Murder and rapine were met and avenged by their like; which, indeed, is the meaning of the superstition connected with the Koh i noor. Ahmed Shah Dooranee, the first King of Cabul, who was one of the assassins, took the diamond for his share of the spoil; and the curse passed from Delhi to Cabul. Ahmed Shah Dooranee's dynasty lasted to the present day; but under so terrible a law of crime and sorrow, that we can well understand how men like the Hindoos, to whom all life is one manifestation of avenging deities, whose religion is deprecation rather than worship—should see in such a fearful history the cruelty of destiny rather than the guilt of man. Not a crime, and not a form of human suffering or passion, is missing in the annals of that doomed house; and neither the mysterious guilt of Ægisthus, nor the sorrows of the Manlii, were greater than those of the race of Ahmed Shah Dooranee. The last King of Cabul was Shah Shooja. He was exiled, and Dost Mahomed Khan made ruler of Cabul in his stead. Shah Shooja fled to Runjeet Sing, taking with him the fatal Koh i noor—all that remained to him of his former enormous wealth. Runjeet Sing received the runaway, but, having discovered that the symbol of the sovereignty of India was still in his possession, starved and maltreated him until he gave it up. For with the Koh i noor passed the sentiment of supremacy, though with the clinging curse attached. Runjeet Sing left it on his deathbed to the idol Juggernaut; but his heirs and successors disregarded his bequest, and kept the diamond to themselves. After passing from one hand to the other, dimmed by tears and stained with gore, according to its destiny, the diamond was at length stolen, among other spoils, by Lord Dalhousie in his conquest of the Sikhs, and by him presented to the Queen. Later events in India would seem to confirm the fatal character attached to this jewel; but when, some years ago, the legend was given to the writer of this paper, not a suspicion was abroad of the trouble that was to come.—*National Magazine.*

A GERMAN STORY.—Many are the stories told of witchcraft and second sight. One concerning an old burgomaster of Stuttgard, with whose family I was well acquainted, I distinctly remember. The burgomaster was an honest good man, who voluntarily resigned his office because he thought a younger man could better fulfil its duties. In his retirement he devoted himself to the cultivation of his garden. On one side it was enclosed by the lofty city wall, on the other by fences which separated it from neighboring gardens and a spacious shooting-ground. The old man was one day busily grafting a tree, when raising his eyes suddenly, he saw an infant grandchild, of whom he was very fond, standing on a most dangerous part of the wall, smiling and beckoning with his finger. The city wall was forty or fifty feet high, and, as it was impossible to reach the child, he hastened through the garden gate to call some one to his assistance. Pale and agitated, he entered the house and exclaimed reproachfully to the mother, "How *could* you let that little one go forth alone?" His daughter pointed to the child asleep in his cradle, and replied, "He has not been out of my sight, father." Much surprised, he returned to the garden. During his absence a bullet from a neighboring shooting ground had gone directly through the body of the tree he had been engrafting. This circumstance made a strong impression on the family, who believed it to be a special interposition of Providence.—*Mrs. Child.*

THE "TABLET'S" LETTERS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 7, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—Having been favored with your excellent paper since its commencement, I herewith remit you $5 for myself and my excellent Catholic friend, Mr. D. Denny, of this place. I hope to send you some more subscribers in a few days. Yours truly, M. R. MURPHY.

TRAVERS, De Sioux, Minn.

GENTLEMEN:—I enclose you $5 for myself and brother, for two copies of your TABLET. Wishing you every success, I remain yours, &c., JAMES OSBORNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12.

MESSRS. SADLIERS—*Gentlemen:*—Enclosed you will find $5 for three copies of TABLET, for the following: John Moloney, Michael Phelps, and Patrick Brady. Yours truly, EDWARD CORRIDAN.

DECATUR, Ill., Jan. 9, 1858.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.—*Gentlemen:* Enclosed please find $10; also please forward your paper to Rev. Mr. Kusack, Messrs. Kennedy, Macknamee, Delihi, Conly, and your humble servant, H. WILLENBURG.

HANGING ROCK, Ohio, Jan. 11, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send ten copies of the TABLET to my address, the subscription for which will be forthcoming, as I expect a much larger list; I will send it all together. Please send back numbers, as we want all of Mrs. Sadlier's excellent story. Yours truly, JAMES BRITT.

PEMBORO', Va.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.—*Gents:*—Enclosed I send $5 as my subscription to the TABLET, which you will please place to my credit. Yours truly, THOMAS COX.

DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 6, '58.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed you will find subscriptions for following persons: Rev. David Kelly, James Matthews, James Wilson, Pat Kelly, and David Henesy.

I remain yours, THOMAS BRENNAN.

ST. MARY'S, C. W.

MESSRS. SADLIER & Co.—*Gents:*—I herewith enclose you $8 for three copies of your valuable journal for the coming year, which you will please send to my address. Yours respectfully, P. WHELIHAN.

EAGLE HARBOR, N. Y., Jan. 9, '58.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.:—Please send me five copies of TABLET, and oblige yours truly, JOHN GALLAGHER.

MARIETTA, Ohio, Jan. 7, '58.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.—*Gents:*—For the enclosed $8 please send me five copies of the TABLET. I intend to add some more after a while. Yours truly, H. BRENNAN.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Jan., 1858.

MESSRS. SADLIER & Co.—*Gents:*—Please find enclosed a draft for $10 50, for which please send me five copies of TABLET, and credit P. Farrell with $2 50. Yours truly, JOHN MURRIN.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Jan. 1, 1858.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.—*Dear Sirs:* A happy new year to you, and I hope a prosperous one. I enclose $16 which you will please place to my account, and send me in future twelve additional copies. I expect to have orders for nearly twice as many in a few days. The TABLET is going ahead out here. Yours truly, JAMES P. HICKMAN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 11, 1858.

MESSRS. SADLIER & Co.—*Gents:*—Enclosed I send you $27 10, as subscriptions for the following: Wm. Whelihon, Big River Mills, Mo.; Edward Daly, Silver Springs, Mo.; Rev. J. Scott, Theological Seminary, Carondolet, Mo.; Patrick Conlon, Patrick Fitzgerald, Thomas Killimade, M. Duggan, Thomas Collins, John Dunn, P. Mundy, Pat Coyle, Mr. Kennedy, John Dempsey, St. Louis. Yours truly, P. J. FALLON.

CARLETON, St. Johns, N. B., Jan. 12, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed please find $11 16 for six numbers of TABLET. Please acknowledge this in your next, E. J. DUNPLY, C. P.

BRIGHTON, Mass., Jan. 17, 1858.

MESSRS. SADLIERS:—As a friend to your valuable journal I have been trying to increase its circulation; I send you seven new subscribers, and will have some more to add to it in a few days. Yours, with respect, JAMES SPRING.

WADDINGTON, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1858.

MESSRS. SADLIER & Co.—*Gentlemen:*—I send you in this letter $8 for five copies of the TABLET for the following: Robert Martin, Christ. Boland, Matthew Connor, John Ryan, and your humble servant, THOMAS O'BRIEN.

JOLIET, Ill., January, 1858.

MESSRS. D. & J. SADLIER:—Having received your valuable paper since its commencement, I wish to assist in extending its circulation. I have procured five subscribers, the amount of which I enclose to you. I expect to send some more in a few days. Yours respectfully, EDWARD KELLY.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—Lucknow not relieved.—The British soldiers in Delhi, as described by one of themselves.—How the inhabitants were treated.—The Calcutta Relief Committee.—China.—The marriage.—The Proselytomaniacs.—The Services in Westminster Abbey.—Death of Radetzky.—Last treaty between England and Austria, &c., &c.

LONDON, 8th Jan., 1858.

I expressed in my last letter my doubts as to the extent to which Lucknow was relieved. The news we have this week received shows that they were not without foundation. The intelligence is disheartening for the supporters of British rule in India. Havelock after all his hair-breadth 'scapes has succumbed to dysentary, brought on says the telegram, by exposure and anxiety. The British troops under General Windham have been totally routed by the Gwalior Contingent, which had hitherto taken merely a passive part in the insurrection. His force lost the entire of their tents which were burned by the insurgents. The 64th regiment was completely annihilated. We must thank the telegram manufacturers for avowing this check, though we may plausibly suppose at the same time that things are much worse than they say. It was their duty, nevertheless, to counterbalance this advantage of the natives, so we have an account of a subsequent encounter in which the Gwalior insurgents were beaten unmercifully by Sir Colin Campbell, who lost but *one* officer. It is rather difficult to believe that the Contingent flushed with their victory over Windham's force, would have given Sir Colin such an easy victory. The women and children, the sick and disabled, are said to have arrived in safety at Alumbagh from Cawnpore. Far from having relieved Lucknow, this movement is Sir Colin's only real success—a success which, moreover was purchased by an immense loss.

An account of the siege of Delhi, given by a soldier of the 52d foot, named Ford, in a letter written to his father, throws some light on the ferocious conduct of the British forces on their entry into that city. Brigadier Nicholson "showed no mercy whatever to the mutineers taken prisoners. Those proved to be murderous among them *were hewn to pieces with swords*, others were blown from cannon, some shot, and some hung." Scarce a day passed without executions of *this sort* taking place. Speaking of the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate he says: "We entered with a cheer which told the Sepoys their hour was come, and a fearful slaughter ensued. *We killed every Sepoy we met, the cry for quarter being no more regarded than the howling of a dog.*" Again he says: "The streets were lined with dead bodies," and further on: "The King's two sons and grandson were shot dead and *their bodies thrown to the dogs.*" So much for British civilized warfare, as described by Master Ford.

The Secretaries of the Calcutta Relief Committee have written to Alderman Finnis, giving an account of the distribution made of the funds, and stating that sums already disbursed have been distributed without regard to creed, and that no distinction has been made between Protestants and Roman Catholics. So much the better if it be so.

The news from China relates more to what is intended to be done than what has been accomplished. The taking of Canton was still a project. Preparations were being made and Yeh would be called upon to surrender. The English attacking force will be, for the most part, composed of sailors. The Chinese are likewise getting ready, mounting cannons on the walls, &c., and the Imperial Government was sending down troops. Mr. John Chinaman seems determined to receive Mr. John Bull Jack Tar in a fitting manner.

It is said that preparations are being made *sub rosa* to give the worshipful Corporation of this great metropolis of Mammondom, an opportunity of congratulating the Princess Royal and her Prussian spouse, as well as the queenly mother and ornamental father of the bride, on the marriage which is to take place on the 25th. Musty records of antique ceremonials are being consulted with regard to the customary method on such auspicious occasions. The bridegroom's wedding gift to his better half *in esse* is a pearl necklace, said to be worth from four to five thousand pounds.

A grand rally of the proselytomaniacs was held on Tuesday last in the great head quarters of the body—Exeter Hall. The motive of its convention was to consider the future relation of the British government to religion in India. The chairman was the Earl of Shaftesbury, and, of course, Sir Culling Eardley was not absent. The chairman, in the conclusion of his discourse, called upon the Government to take advantage of the strong feeling of the country to take *decided steps* for planting the Christian faith in India. A Rev. Canon moved a Resolution that the Government should no longer countenance idolatry, and should discontinue the grants for the maintenance of heathen temples and idol worship. Sir Culling Eardley trotted out on his great hobby and earnestly recommended an increase in the number of Missionaries in India. It was agreed that the Queen should be memorialed and Parliament petitioned. The proselytizers seemed determined, if the present insurrection in India should be vanquished, to lose no time in exciting another.

The Sunday evening services in Westminster Abbey were inaugurated on the 3d. The crowd was large, but the amount of piety was small, curiosity being the feeling most strongly marked on the countenances of those present.

Marshal Radetzky, the great Austrian General, is dead, He breathed his last in Milan, at the advanced age of ninety-one. I forbear entering into biographical particulars, as you will find sketches of his eventful life in most of your European exchanges.

A rumor is in circulation that a secret treaty has been entered into between England and Austria, to the prejudice of our Gallic ally. Those who are acquainted with the history of English treaty making and treaty breaking, would not be astonished if the rumor were true.

The trial of the ex-member for Beverley, E. A. Glover, for having made a false declaration of qualification to the House of Commons, has been postponed to the beginning of next month.

A sailor named William Talbot has put in his claim to the Shrewsbury title and estates. What luck it would be for poor Jack if he should prove to be the rightful heir!

The inauguration of the new Lord Mayor took place in Dublin on New Year's Day, with the usual ceremonies. The new functionary with the municipal authorities, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Cathedral, on the first Sunday of the year.

The decidedly unfavorable news from India has not had a pleasant influence on the minds of those whose worldly wealth is vested in the funds. General business continues very dull. Ireland is the healthiest spot in the three kingdoms as far as commercial soundness is concerned. The slight effect of the crisis there is only, in my opinion, to be attributed to the deeply moral sentiment which pervades the people of that country. The state of things in Protestant England is a forcible commentary on the relative morality of the two countries.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Sardinia.—The Count de Cavour.—Persecution of the Clergy.—Defence of the Clergy by the Count de la Marguerite.—Opinions of the SIECLE *and* DEBATS.*—Reception of the Duke de Grammont at the Pontifical Court.—Disappearance of the Yellow Fever at Lisbon.—Dr. Lyons, of Dublin.—The Anglo-Austrian Secret Treaty.—The Duke de Dodeauville on England.—Death of Marshal Radetzky.—Death of Mlle. Rachel.—New Year's Day.—Catholic Items.*

PARIS, 7th Jan., 1858.

It seems as if the enemies of the Church throughout Europe had given each other the signal for attacking her through her holy ministers. In Belgium we have witnessed the attacks of a lawless mob, aided and abetted by the royal authority. We now see Sardinia imitating England in the persecution of priests. The case of the Revs. MM. Conway and Ryan will be imitated and repeated *ad libitum*, by the great champion of *Progress*, the representative of Piedmont in the Paris Congress, the Count de Cavour. The assault on the Catholic religion was commenced some sessions since. You will remember that the property of the Church was sold, that venerable bishops were driven from their dioceses, the relations with the Holy See broken off. M. de Cavour lost the majority in the late general elections, and to sustain himself and his colleagues he was obliged to enter into a coalition with the *Left*, or revolutionary party, and the consequence of that union was an attack on the electoral rights of Catholics. M. de Cavour now demands that an inquiry be made into the conduct of the clergy on the last election, charging them, on the faith of a mere rumor, as he himself avows, with making an unlawful use of their spiritual power in the confessional, by threatening with excommunication those who did not vote for the Catholic candidates. A noble answer was made to the violent harangue of M. de Cavour, by the Count de la Marguerite. The Count in his splendid defence of the clergy admitted the fact that they did not remain inactive during the election—nor should they have done so. The Ministry itself did not remain idle. The party of the Ministry should be the last to speak of a *pressure*, for they are not ignorant of the pressure exercised by intendants, syndics, judges, carbineers, collectors, in short, by the whole phalanx of employes and partizans of the Ministry. The clergy have been accused on the strength of a mere rumor. Public report also says that individuals, communes and provinces, were threatened with governmental displeasure if they did not send to parliament the friends of the Ministry. Functionaries were threatened with dismissal if they did not succeed in electing the ministerial candidates, and the dismissal took place the moment an unfavorable result was announced. Intendants and syndics were beyond doubt removed or dismissed because they nobly resisted the order to exercise a pressure widely different from that with which the clergy are reproached. The clergy were reproached with exercising a moral pressure in the confessional and in the pulpit. As to the confessional it is forbidden to enquire what passes there. In the pulpit the pastoral letters of the bishops were read. These venerable dignitaries only did in 1857, what the ministry called upon them to do in 1849. The adversaries of the Clergy say: "They have been prudent in the Churches, but they have not disguised their opinions in private conversation; they have threatened excommunication and refusal of the Sacraments at the last hour." Such accusations are absurd. Ecclesiastical censure cannot thus be pronounced; a law must decree it in each particular case. No ecclesiastical law prescribes excommunication in any case concerning the election of deputies; no Cure, no priest can pronounce it except by the order of their bishops. But all the episcopal circulars entirely exclude such an idea; no threats were uttered and still less refusals of Sacraments. After refuting the different accusations made against the Clergy, the Count de la Marguerite stated the political principles of the Catholic party. Abroad, they want the independence of the States, the loyal observance of treaties, they desire to merit the confidence of their allies, to keep at peace with all powers which are not hostile. At home, they wish economy in the expenses, protection for agriculture, commerce, liberty of instruction, respect for the Church, re-establishment of friendly relations with the Holy See. Their intention is not to get up a systematic opposition to the Ministry. They defended their principles for the good of the nation, and let all those who attack the clergy, on their account, understand that if the great majority of the people have confidence in the Clergy, and in the party he represented, it was because they knew that they would never break their oaths.

The *Siecle* and the *Journal des Debats*—the latter Philippist and Protestant in its tendencies, the former, *nothingarian* and republican,—both belonging to the opposition organized during the last elections—are at loggerheads with regard to the conduct of the Count de Cavour. The *Siecle* naturally approves his attack on the clergy; the *Debats* denounces it, and thence the wordy warfare.

On the 22nd of last month the Duke de Grammont, the French Ambassador to the Holy See, was received in solemn audience by his Holiness Pope Pius, and presented his letters of credence according to the usual ceremonial. His Excellency, on his arrival at the Vatican was received by Monsigner Pacea, Chamberlain to his Holiness, who immediately introduced him to the Holy Father. The Duke next visited his Eminence the Secretary of State who occupies apartments contiguous the Holy Father. Cardinal Antonelli came out to meet the Duke. After leaving the Cardinal, the Ambassador went by the interior galeries to St. Peter's whither he was admitted by the great door of bronze which is only opened for the Pope and for Sovereigns on solemn occasions. *Prie-Dieu* were placed before the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, that of St. Petronella, patroness of the Sovereigns of France, and St. Peter and Paul. His Excellency knelt before each of them. Cardinal Matteo and several prelates occupying a high at the pontifical court, conducted the ambassador to his carriage and according to custom, closed the door of the vehicle.

Letters from Lisbon state that the weather has driven away the Yellow fever. The shops are being opened, the streets are once more peopled and animated. The foreign physicians, three in number, have been well received by the government and by their professional brethren. Doctor Guyon, who arrived when the epidemic was at its highest, has been honored with a flattering token of his Majesty's satisfaction. The king did not forget the two other physicians, one of whom is Professor Lyons of Dublin, and the other Dr. Souquet, already well known by his services in the East.

The *Spectateur*, (formerly the *Assemblee Nationale*) has published an article on the state of Europe, which has created an immense sensation, particularly among the government papers. The writer in the *Spectateur* says that he believes himself to be in a position to declare that the alliances between the European governments since the treaty of 30th March are broken up, and that England and Austria united by a Secret Convention, were endeavoring to drag Prussia, and, through her, Russia, into this new coalition against France.

M. de la Rochefoucauld, Duke of Dodeauville has published a letter on the Indian question. He speaks incidentally of the Anglo-French Alliance, and says that to trust England would be the act of a blind man. Those that confide in her will ever be her dupes. Her policy is "perfidious, hypocritical, ungrateful, egotistical, and cruel." If she has need of you she flatters you, while at the same time she endeavors to injure you underhand.

Speaking of the notoriously bad faith of England, the Duke says:

"The Emperor Napoleon cast upon the rock of St. Helena is a terrible and sinister example of it. See unhappy Ireland, rising like a fleshy spectre to accuse England. Follow with an eye of pity those populations forced to expatriate themselves to escape from misery and persecution as odious as tyrannical! Such is this country of liberty, the greatest oppressor that exists for all those who do not believe in her religion or further her commercial interests."

On the China question M. de la Rochefoucauld says:

"When India seems slipping from her grasp, she wants to conquer and destroy a people that refuses to receive from her hands a deadly poison. Is it possible that we can join in that work of iniquity? Let us hope that the wisdom of the French government will take the necessary measures to protect its own interests, without lending a helping hand to the most flagrant injustice."

With regard to Naples:

"England has long coveted Sicily and this is why we have heard her accuse unjustly and passionately a king, gifted with a noble character and loved by his people, whose affection is a triumphant answer to such odious calumnies. Now that her perfidious policy, jealous of our glory, makes us enemies, her language has become almost friendly for the sovereign she insulted. I say it, without the fear of being contradicted, all Europe would applaud the abasement of a country whose name is connected with all revolutions and whose money kindles conflagration every where. Eternal Justice is often delayed, but it is, therefore, but the more terrible, and I avow that the position of England seems more threatened than is generally believed."

We have just received the news of the death at Milan of Marshal Count Radetzki, ex-Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. He was the oldest general officer in the world.

The telegraph also brought us yesterday, the intelligence of the death at Cannet, near Toulon, of the great tragedienne, Mlle. Rachel.

It is long since we have enjoyed such beautiful weather at New Year's as this year. On New Year's Day, the Boulevards was crowded with *promeneurs* and *promeneuses*. The official receptions added to the animation of the streets. The *etalagistes* did an immense business, and a vast quantity of oranges—the traditional New Year's gift of the working classes—were presented, accepted, and devoured.

The celebration of the Novena in honor of St. Genevieve, the patron Saint of Paris, commenced on Saturday, at the Church of St. Genevieve and at St. Etienne-du-Mont. Both churches are crowded, as usual, by the faithful from all parts of Paris.

The Metropolitan Chapter celebrated the anniversary service for the repose of the soul of Monseigneur Sibour. Monseigneur Morlot officiated. The porch and the grand aisle were hung with black.

WHO ARE THE NOODLES.—The hotels which displayed their flags at half mast in consequence of the death of Havelock were the Astor House, the Metropolitan, and the St. Nicholas. The newspapers that approved of the same were the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Daily Times*, controlled and owned, for the most part, by speculators and stock jobbers. It is pleasant to know one's friends, and to treat them as such.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29, 1858.

The President's levee, on Tuesday night last, was a brilliant one. Every room was crowded with the wealth, beauty and fashion of the metropolis. The President looked well and seemed to enjoy the pleasures of the evening with great satisfaction, although he had been suffering from the effects of a cold since Saturday previous. Miss Lane, his niece, looked charming, and was the centre of a large group of admiring friends the whole evening. The Marine Band was present and played many delightful airs in their accustomed style.

There is a lull in Congress on the Kansas trouble, but it is only the calm preceding the storm. The President's Message to accompany the Lecompton Constitution, which he will lay before both Houses early next week, is in type, and only waiting the arrival of Mr. Calhoun, the President of the Kansas Convention here, with the election returns from the territory. It is said he refuses to allow them to become public, and will not publish them until after the Kansas question has been decided in Congress. Those who appear to know the character of the forthcoming Message on this subject, affirm that the President intends making its doctrine a *test* of party fealty to his administration, and that he will consider those who are not for him as against him. It is to be hoped that such will not be the case, for it would be the finishing blow to the unity of the democratic party. The Governor of Virginia, in all probability, would have to come out openly against such a policy, and then there would be no telling how far or wide the schism might extend. I have information, from the most reliable source, that the resolutions passed by the Virginia legislature a few weeks since, endorsing the President's views on this subject, were carried under a misconception of the merits involved in it; and that a re-consideration of the question is now in contemplation by a majority of that body in both Houses.

Pennsylvania, too, is on the verge of rebellion in favor of "popular sovereignty."

The President's wisest course in this crisis would be to submit the Kansas Constitution to Congress without note or comment, and leave its friends and foes there to fight it out. My own belief is, that the Senate will pass the bill admitting Kansas as a State, but the House will refuse by a considerable majority. There are few members from the northern States, who pledged the principles of "popular sovereignty" to the people during the canvass of 1856, that will vote against those principles now, and look to them hereafter for a re-election to Congress.

The *Union* of to-day is much more conciliatory in its tone than heretofore. It contends for the right of the people of Kansas to alter or amend their constitution, in accordance with the following provision of their bill of rights which it quotes, notwithstanding the 14th section of the schedule would seem to forbid it:

> All political power is inherent in the people and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their benefit, and therefore they have *at all times* an inalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government in such manner as they may think proper.

Its argument is this. By the schedule, two-thirds of the popular vote is necessary to change it after 1864; but, according to the foregoing provision in the bill of rights, a bare *majority* is sufficient to do the same at any time before 1864. If the question could be viewed in this light by all parties, and the result stated be feasible, it would matter very little under what form of government the territory would be admitted as a State, so long as the people were free, afterwards, to frame their own laws, in their own time.

The daily attacks of a small administration paper here on Judge Douglas are understood to be from the pen of one or more members of the Cabinet, and entirely without either the President's knowledge or concurrence. This sort of warfare is calculated to do all parties no good but much harm, and the sooner it is discontinued the better. There is scarcely a friend of either Judge Douglas or the President who does not regret to see it, and who are not doing all they can to prevent an open rupture between both. The mischief makers want this to follow their abuse of the "little giant," but the friends of both and of the party will not suffer it if they can.

A foolish rumor has been in circulation here for a week past, that the President would not send into the Senate the name of Augustus Schell, Esq., for confirmation as the Collector of your port. The President has no warmer or truer friend than Mr. Schell, and nothing but the most astute ignoramus would fabricate such a falsehood.

There is some trouble about the binding of the House again. It seems that when the Committee on binding had last met, they agreed to let Mr. Wendall finish up the remnants of former contracts, not intending of course to give him any new job. Mr. Singleton, a member of the Committee, encouraged a friend of his to put in his bid for the new work, but when he did so was told that it had all been given to Mr. Wendall. Singleton denies this positively, and so additional work is laid out for the corruption investigating Committee of the House.

The Hon. Geo. Taylor, of Brooklyn, has got himself into trouble with his constituents. The rumor here is, that he went before the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House, and represented to them that a large proportion of those employed at the Brooklyn yard were paupers upon the Government; and that the head of the bureau of yards and docks was the primary cause of this state of things. The result of this representation of the worthy member is, that instead of getting an appropriation of $800,000 for the benefit of the yard, the Committee have come to the conclusion of reporting only $200,000. Mr. Taylor says that his remarks before the Committee have been misunderstood, and intends explaining himself to the public at an early day.

A monster map, measuring eleven and a half feet by twelve, of the United States Territories, west of the Mississippi, is hanging up in the room of the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate. It is drawn by E. Freyhold, Esq., for the War Department, at the office of the Pacific R. R. Explorations and Surveys, under the directions of Captain A. A. Humphreys, Topographical Engineer, and from a map by Lieutenant G. H. Warren, of the same Corps.

The faculty of Georgetown College intend next May to celebrate the landing of the Maryland Pilgrims. The celebration is held every five years. The Philodemic Society of the College held a preliminary meeting for the purpose on Wednesday evening last. The liberal Protestant gentlemen of the State will be invited to participate.

The College is in a flourishing condition. There are about 250 boarders and 50 day scholars attending the classes.

The Visitation Convent is also enjoying a similar state of prosperity. The new monastery, which is in a forward condition, fronts 55 feet on Fayette street, and runs back 110. It is four stories high and handsomely built.

One of the latest improvements is that for opening oysters by Rupp of this city. It is fixed in his oyster box and takes the edges of the oyster shells off without noise or much trouble and as fast as the feet can operate on the machine. The cost is only $12.

SIGMA.

CITY NEWS.

BRITISH SYMPATHY IN NEW YORK—AN ATTEMPT TO TAMPER WITH PUBLIC OPINION.—An incident occurred here, within the past week, which for unmitigated presumption, on the part of its contrivers, has hardly a parallel. Within our memory no similar act has given greater or more well-merited offence. We allude to the attempt made by certain British residents in this city, in conjunction with a few contemptible and un-American confreres, to evoke an American sanction to the dark and sanguinary catalogue of atrocities perpetrated by the English in India during the last century, by prevailing on the proprietors of a few hotels and masters of vessels in port to display their flags at half-mast on the receipt of the intelligence of the death of General Havelock. For years past repeated attempts have been made to couple the American name and nation with the acts of Great Britain. Whenever a project was concerted, or a spoliation agreed on, the public opinion of America was eagerly solicited, for the purpose of approving of the one, or endorsing the other. No amount of bribery or corruption was spared in order to bring about so desirable a result, but all attempts on that score have hitherto proved abortive. We stand indebted to a number of Wall street operators and stock gamblers for the honor of this repeated canvassing. Several of this class having succeeded in obtaining the control, and, in some instances, the proprietary of a few of our morning papers, set forth their peculiar views on certain matters and things, and then persuade their English dupes that they speak and write the public opinion of the country. It is needless to say that no statement can be more conflicting with truth or honesty than this. The great mass of the population regard stock jobbing and pocket-picking with about the same amount of admiration, and would hail the enactment of a law which would visit the perpetrators of the one with as heavy a penalty as that of the other. To such an extent has this drumming up of sympathy for Britain on the part of those fellows extended, that one of the clique had absolutely the audacity some months ago to propose the raising here of a force of fifty thousand men; to help to put down the revolution in India. As the proposition happened to be made in the dog-days, we were satisfied to allow that the peculiarly heated condition of the atmosphere, at that season, had more than a share in bringing about the perpetration of such an absurdity. We merely mention the circumstance for the purpose of showing to what an extent this system of doing things can be carried. No doubt the parties making propositions of this nature find them to their account and act accordingly. Truly, it would be pitiable to contemplate the appearance of fifty thousand Americans, just arrived in Calcutta, with the thermometer at 126 degrees Fahrenheit, and still more deplorable would be their condition by the time they got up to Cawnpore or Lucknow, provided the luckless fellows ever reached so far. Why, the "Skeleton Man," exhibited some years ago in the Bowery, would be the very personification of corpulency when compared with the most robust among them. In fact, we doubt very much if Pharoah's "lean kine" were ever again alluded to, on any occasion where dearth or scantiness of proportions formed the subject of conversation. Concerning this unfortunate Havelock, we would simply inquire what great or noble deed has he performed, that men inhabiting the North American continent should give themselves the least trouble on his account? On the contrary, there are numberless reasons why we should rejoice at his discomfiture. As the representative of a system which has invariably striven to degrade, despoil and annihilate wherever it obtains a foothold, his destruction on that account was to be desired. As being actually engaged, at the time he met his fate, in the dreadful career of plunder and spoliation, his death was doubly to be desired. As a general he possessed in reality but very questionable merit, besides being the author of several military blunders since he entered on his last campaign;—blunders for which Napoleon or the veteran Suwarrow would have condemned their perpetrator to everlasting disgrace, though, to judge of the man's military worth by the outlandish encomiums lavished on him by certain sycophants on both sides of the Atlantic, a person ignorant of the real nature of things would be tempted to accord Henry Havelock a niche in the temple of fame, side by side with those occupied by the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The most and best that can be urged in favor of Havelock is this: that he did not possess the sanguinary brutality which distinguished the majority of his companions in arms, and which may be safely pronounced their leading characteristic. Apart from this question of Havelock and his merits or demerits, we beg to remind those parties most interested in the farcical display of Tuesday week last that those experiments of getting up sympathy and approbation for every species of robbery sought to be achieved by Master Bull, may turn out, in the long run, extremely unpleasant to their projectors. The masses here entertain no sympathy with England, in her attempts to fasten manacles on the limbs of men struggling to be free. Individuals may be, and are in favor of such a consummation, but the masses—the people—scorn and repudiate such an imputation. They have not forgotten the scalping knives of the savages during the War of Independence, nor are they unmindful of the present aspect of things in Yucatan, where they behold the Indian tribes of that peninsula engaged in the indiscriminate massacre of the whites, armed and instigated to the dreadful deed by the machinations of Great Britain. There are certain limits to which British sympathy may be carried here with impunity, beyond those limits we beg leave to remind those sympathetic gentry it would be inexpedient to proceed.

The steamer *Ariel*, about whom so much apprehension was created, has been heard from. She put into Cork in a shattered condition.

"THE POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND."—An interesting and highly instructive lecture, on the above subject, was delivered at the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, on the evening of Thursday, 28th ult., by Michael Doheny, Esq. Mr. Doheny commenced his lecture by a short dissertation on poetry in general, and what comprised genuine verse. He dwelt at considerable length on Ossian, who lived about the middle of the second century, and read a short extract in the Irish from one of his poems, descanting forcibly and well on the peculiarities which constituted the difference between the compositions of this great Irish poet of nature and those of Homer, as well as the ingenious manner in which the great literary plunderer, Macpherson, sought to rob the ancient bard of his poetic honors. Many attempts of a similar nature, he said, had been made since then; and in our own day a countryman of this same Macpherson had contrived to rob Ireland of her undoubted *prestige* in the field of poetry, but that old nation, renowned in the number and excellence of her poets, could laugh such falsifiers to scorn. Moore, Thomas Davis, together with the poets of the nation, without exception, came in for their meed of well-merited approbation. The attendance was numerous and respectable.

HORRIBLE IF TRUE.—A story is told of a lady who passing down Broadway, recently, was addressed by an intelligent looking woman who rushed towards her, exclaiming: "I am hungry, I am hungry." The lady procured her some potatoes and meat, when she seized the meat, raw as it was, and consumed a portion of it, after which she rushed away with the remainder, saying, "I must take this home to Eddie." We do not vouch for the accuracy of the above, but we are well satisfied that cases of starvation and of misery are neither few nor far between in New York at present.

DIDN'T GET HER.—The Taylor and Hawley case, alluded to in our issue of the week before last, after experiencing a considerable amount of "the law's delay," was brought to a conclusion in the Supreme Court last week, and resulted in the ambitious young man losing his wife, or, what he probably considered of more account, her thirty thousand dollars.

During the performance of the "Vicar of Wakefield," at Wallack's Theatre, one evening last week, all the gas, with the exception of a flickering glimmer, went out. The house was enveloped in total darkness for a time, but finally the light was restored.

J. B. Smith, a clerk in the Comptroller's Office, was arrested on Tuesday of last week on a charge of defalcation. Smith's shortcomings are said to amount to about two hundred dollars.

A young man named Lewis Beardsley, a resident of Madison, Wisconsin, and clerk in the office of the Wisconsin Secretary of State, committed suicide in this city last week.

THE "TABLET" IN NEW YORK CITY.

The TABLET can be had at Mr. P. King's Catholic Bookstore, No. 101 Twenty-eighth street, near St. Stephen's Church. Mr. King keeps on hand a nice assortment of Catholic Prayer Books, Histories, Stories, and Miscellaneous Books, Beads, &c.

Our friends on the west side of the city can get the TABLET at Mr. D. Smith's Catholic Bookstore, 236 Sixth Avenue. He also has a large assortment of Catholic and Miscellaneous Books on hand, Prayer Books, Beads, &c.

THE "TABLET" IN JERSEY CITY.

Persons in Jersey City can procure the TABLET at the Bookstore of Mr. John C. Clarke, 24 Newark Avenue.

British Provinces.

Those of our subscribers indebted to us in St. Johns, N. B., will please hand their subscriptions to our Agent, Mr. P. D. Quinn.

Our subscribers in Halifax, N. S., and vicinity, will please hand the amount of their indebtedness to Mr. James Donohoe, Bookseller, Halifax, N. S.

Traveling Agents.

Mr. P. H. Mulvey is duly authorized to act as Agent for the New York TABLET in all the towns through which he may pass in Western New York. He has a good assortment of Books, &c., for sale.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan, who is on a tour of business through Canada West, is authorized to canvass and collect subscriptions for the TABLET.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

IMPROVING OLD ORCHARDS.

Desirable as pears, cherries and plums are, we can hardly count on very large and constant supplies of such fruit. Our climate, or soil, is so unfavorable to their growth, or they are infested with so many insects and diseases, and require so much care, that few farmers can devote sufficient attention to their culture. The apple must be our main dependence; and it is no mean dependence either. Yet, strange to say, many orchards are treated with neglect. The trunks and limbs of trees are suffered to become mossy, the tops are allowed to grow up a dense mass of brush, and the fruit to remain of an inferior quality. There are few men who can really *afford* to keep such orchards. Why not break up the ground, and if it is not thought best to let it lie fallow, then give it a coat of manure and raise some kind of hoed crop upon it. Once a year, at least, scrub the trunks with weak lye, or potash water, to remove the moss and rout the insects which harbor there. Then, as to pruning, there is enough to do, but it must be done in the right way. It will not answer to mount the trees with rough nailed boots, and, axe in hand, hack away like a woodsman felling a forest. Use a fine-toothed pruning saw: thin out the branches so as to leave an open symmetrical head, and where large branches must be taken off, cover the wounds with grafting-wax. It costs no more to raise good kinds of fruit than poor; the satisfaction and the income are tenfold greater.

PREVENTION OF THE POTATO MURRAIN.

The Rev. W. J. Berkeley was the first to show how sulphur might be employed to check the potato disease, by using cut sets of large potatoes instead of whole sets of small ones, and dusting the moist parts so as to act on the interior of the pulp, instead of any external application. Numerous experiments have proved the efficacy of this practice, but it cannot yet be said with such success as to constitute sulphur a specific. Admitting its value, as proved, there is a still more effectual way of dealing with the enemy, by adopting a more rational routine culture—planting in autumn instead of spring, or at least no later than February—choosing sorts which ripen early, and which may be taken up before the late summer and autumn rains come on, which invariably precede the outbreak of the disease, and seem more closely connected with its origin than either the forgotten *Aphis vastator* or the fungoid growths which the sulphur is intended to act upon.—*Garden Guide.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COFFEE—The feeling is steady under news from New Orleans of an advance, and sales of 9,000 bags Rio since Lonsdale's last Friday's statement; prices quoted at 9¼ @10c. for fair to prime. Stock, 60,000. Here the sales are 1,500 bags Rio at 8½@10½c., including an invoice of 1,100 bags.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened heavy, and 5@10c. lower for the low grades of Western Canal Flour, under the unfavorable advices by the steamship Kangaroo; and the heaviness was further increased on the receipt of the Canada's advices from Halifax; since then little has transpired; the light arrivals and reduced stock counteract the unfavorable news in part; the demand is mainly for the home and Eastern trade; the sales are 4,500 bbls. at $4 20@$4 30 for common to good State; $4 40@$4 55 for extra, do.; $4 20@$4 30 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4 40@$5 for extra, do.; $4 70@$4 90 for common to good round hoop extra Ohio; $4 90@$6 35 for good to choice do.; $5 25@$7 for extra Genesee and St. Louis brands.

GRAIN—There is little change to note in the value of Wheat, the inquiry is mainly for milling; a sale of 100,000 bushels, chiefly Chicago Spring, is reported for June and July delivery to a shipper at 90c., but we are unable to authenticate it; the sales on the spot are 500 bushels, damaged Red Southern at 87½c.; 200 bushels fair Red, do., at $1 12; and 4,500 bushels Western Mixed, Spring and Winter, at $1 05. Rye is steady; the demand is fair; sales of 1,500 bushels Northern at 72c. Barley is better and in good demand; sales of 6,000 bushels prime four rowed State 78c. Barley Malt is quiet at 82@90c. Oats are in fair request and plenty at 42@45c. for State, 45@46c. for Western. Corn is more plenty and is lower; the demand is moderate, mainly for the trade and the East; sales of 18,000 bushels at 66@68c. for fair to good Southern Yellow; 69c. for prime, do., and 70@70½c. for Southern White; old is nominal.

HIDES—The market is steady, with moderate sales; the transactions are 4,900 Orinoco at 17c., 6 mos.; 500 Rio Grande at 19c.; 1,000 Texas at 14c., 6 mos.; 450 Porto Cabello at 16c., 6 mos.; 500 City Slaughter at 5½c., cash, 70 lb.; and 400 Savanilla on private terms.

SUGARS—The feeling is firm at the improvement noticed, and buyers come forward moderately; the stock is smaller than we have known in some time, estimated at only 500 hhds. and 5,000 boxes; the sales are 700 boxes Havana at 5½c.; 137 hhds. Cuba at 4½c; 120 hhds. do. at 5@6¼c.; and 110 hhds. New Orleans at 6@7½c. Refined are unchanged.

Family Marketing.

The following gives the retail price of the principal articles of Farm Produce in the City of New York:

MEAT—Hind quarters Beef, ℔ lb., 7@10c.; Fore quarters, 6@8c.; P. H. Steaks, 18@20c.; Sirloin Steaks, 14@16c.; Rump Steaks, 12@14c.; Roast pieces, 12@ 16c.; Corned Beef, 9@12c.; Smoked Beef, 14@16c.; Beef Tongues, each, 75c @$1; Mutton, carcass, ℔ lb., 7@10c.; Mutton, fore quarters, 9@10c.; Mutton, hind quarters, 12@14c.; Mutton Chops, 15c.; Veal hind quarters, 12@16c.; Veal Cutlets, 12c.

GAME—Bears Meat, ℔ lb., 15@20c.; Rabbits, ℔ pair, 50c; Venison, ℔ lb. 14@16c.; Hares, ℔ pair, 50@63c.; Squirrels, ℔ dozen, $1 50.

PORK—Carcasses, ℔ cwt., $9 75@$10; at retail, ℔ lb., 12@14c.; Hams, smoked, 16c.; Shoulders, do., 13@14c.; Sides, do., 12½@13c.; Bacon, 15c.; Pickled, 13@15c.; Sausages, 14c.; Roasting Pigs, each, $1 75 @$2 50.

POULTRY—Turkeys, ℔ lb., 15@16c.; Wild Turkeys, each, $3@$6; Geese, ℔ lb., 12@14c.; Ducks, tame, ℔ pair, $1 25@$1 75.

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS—Eggs, retail, fresh, 50@ 62c.; State Butter, ℔ lb., 30@34c.; Orange County, new, 28@31c.; Lard, 16c.; English Cheese, 18c.

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT—Potatoes, new, L. I., ℔ bushel, $1 13; Jersey Potatoes, $1 13; Potatoes, half peck, 15@18c.; Sweet Potatoes, half peck, 37c.; New Turnips, half peck, 12@13c.; Onions, ℔ bbl., $2 50@ $2 75; Onions, ℔ half peck, 18c.; White Onions, half peck, 31c.; Turnip Cabbages 3 for 6c.; Salad, ℔ doz., 25@50c.; Tomatoes, qt. can, 25c.; Garlic, 18c.; Leeks, 10@12c.; Squashes, each, 12@25c.; Pumpkins, each, 25@50c.; Lima Beans, quart, 15c.; Carrots, ℔ bunch, 5@8c.; Parsnips, 6@8c.; Beets, basket, 50@62c.; Cabbages, each, 6@8c.; Red Cabbages, doz., $1 25@$1 50; Celery, ℔ bunch, 50@10c.; Spinage, peck, 9@12c.; Cranberries, half peck, 50@62c.; Cooking Apples, basket, $1@$1 25.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec5 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents, Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.	

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages, form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months | $175
Commercial " " " " | 150

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
jn6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 19th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year commences on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$00 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classics' and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

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